

Father Takes a Hand

BY DANA BURNET

An especially prosperous day in Wainwright had left Papa tired but happy. As he drove uptown in his car, he reflected with satisfaction that his profits for the past week had netted him almost a million. There had been a time in John Purdy's life when a million dollars had seemed to him an impossibly vast mathematical illusion. Today, as the result of his own shrewdness and a little luck he had converted that illusion into reality ten times over.

At the age of forty-seven, Papa was a simple, handsome, robust widower, who played the market for pleasure, took his profits, loved his daughter, and believed in a benevolent Providence. He was a good man, was Papa so

he came home that afternoon to his palatial Park Avenue apartment, with a serene spirit and a tranquil mind. Removing his hat and coat, he stepped into the living-room and at once his tranquility was shaken. It was practically destroyed. For in the centre of the room he saw his lovely daughter standing clasped in a young man's arms.

'Lois! burst out Papa. 'Lois! The girl lifted her head from the young man's shoulder. 'Oh, hello, Papa,' she said, in a voice that seemed distinctly unhappy. Then she put her head back on the young man's shoulder and wept. 'My goodness!' exclaimed Papa, striding across the room. 'What is it? What is the matter? And you, young man! Leggo my daughter!'

The young man craned his neck to

show a distressed countenance to Mr. Purdy. 'We're saying good-by, sir,' he explained sorrowfully.

'Yes, murmured Lois, and freeing her self from the young man's embrace, she flung her arms around her father's neck. 'Papa,' she cried. 'I love him and he's going away. 'But Lois—what's he? Far's I know I never saw him before. 'That's so, said Lois. 'Papa, it is Henry.'

'Henry who?' demanded Papa. 'Henry Van Dyne, sir,' said the young man.

'Van Dyne? Van Dyne? Seems to me I've heard the name. 'Oh yes, you have Papa, cried Lois. 'It's one of the oldest names in New York, and Henry is a real Van Dyne, and that's practically the whole trouble.'

Young Van Dyne was a tall youth with blond hair. He had ingenious blue eyes that were clouded over, with the intensity of his suffering.

'You see, sir,' he said to Mr. Purdy. 'I'm engaged to a girl. Mother wants me to marry. She's an awfully nice girl and all that and I, I thought I wasn't love until I met Lois the other night.'

'The other night?' queried Papa. 'What other night?' 'Saturday night,' said Lois, dabbing at her eyes with her handkerchief.

'And this,' observed Papa, 'is Thursday. So you've known each other five days. 'That doesn't matter,' replied his daughter. 'We fell in love with each other the moment we met. I was at the Charity Ball. The orchestra was playing "I want to Kiss you Again." Do you remember Henry?'

'I will never forget it,' Henry declared fervently. 'I'll never forget that Charity blow-out myself,' remarked Papa. 'It cost me plenty to get Lois a ticket. 'You shouldn't talk about it, Papa,' murmured Lois.

'Why not?' retorted Mr. Purdy. 'Those society people never come around unless they want money.' He turned suddenly to Henry. 'By Jocks young man! Now I know where I've heard your name before. There was a lady named Mrs. Van Dyne who wrote asking for my subscription to that ball. She says kin to you?'

'Yes, that's my mother,' said Henry apologetically. 'She's strong for charity, Mother is.'

'M-m-m,' said Papa. 'She certainly came at me strong enough, and no mistake. Well, so you're Mrs. Van Dyne's son are you?'

'Yes, sir. 'And you think you're in love with my daughter, do you? 'I know I am, Mr. Purdy. 'Well, well,' said Papa.

'He really is! Lois assured her father. 'And I'm in love with him, and he's going away tomorrow, and I'm just heartbroken over it, and—oh Papa! can't you do something about it?'

'Wait a minute,' said Papa. 'Where is Henry going?'

'He's going away up in Maine, to study for his bar examinations next fall,' answered Lois miserably.

'Maine's not so far,' said Papa. 'It seems like the end of the world to me sir,' gloomed Henry. Suddenly he made a lunge at Lois and caught her in his arms, and hugged her. 'Lois! he said, 'I'll never marry any one but you.'

Then, with a stifled groan, he released her and rushed out of the room. Lois said: 'Oh, He's gone! and burst into fresh tears. Mr. Purdy stood gazing at her in grief and bewilderment.

'Stop it, Lois,' he said, 'or you'll have me crying too. 'Can't you help me, Papa? 'What can I do, honey? If it was something you wanted, like a Christmas present, I'd buy it for you in a minute. 'I know you would, darling. 'But I can't buy Henry for you. Not from that Van Dyne family. That Van Dyne family is so high and mighty I guess it would rather die than marry into a family that ain't in the Social Register. Not that the Purdy's don't go back as far as anybody. Your great-grandfather Purdy once ran for Governor of New Jersey. And another one of your grandfathers—I forget how great he was—has got his face in the picture showing the signing of the Declaration of Independence. So I guess when it comes to ancestry, the Purdy's are as good as the Van Dyne's any day. 'Yes, said Lois, 'and I wish—'

'Wait a minute,' said Papa. A thoughtful look had come over his face. 'I got sort of an idea. 'Oh, Papa! 'You go away, Lois. Go bathe your eyes with boracic. They're all red. got to sit down and think. 'Lois kissed him and left the room. Papa sat down in his favorite chair, lighted a cigar, and began to think. Several days later, Mrs. Regina Van Dyne was informed by her butler that a gentleman wished to see her on a matter she described as important. Mrs. Van Dyne, for the past half hour, had been pacing the floor of her boudoir in great agitation. She said angrily that she would see no one.

The butler bowed and gave her the

gentleman's card. Mrs. Van Dyne glanced at the name on the card. She started. She went quickly to her dressing table, snatched up a letter that was lying open there and compared the name on the card with a certain name mentioned in the letter.

'Oh! she exclaimed. 'Oh—yes, Hobson—will see the gentleman. Ask him to wait, please. 'The butler departed. Mrs. Van Dyne sat down before her mirror and swiftly, with lipstick and powder, restored to order the slight chaos of a countenance still youthful and lovely. She gave a pat to her beautiful chestnut hair, in which the silver hardly showed, and went regally downstairs to her drawing room.

'Mr. Purdy!' 'Mrs. Van Dyne, I'm pleased to meet you, ma'am. 'You have a daughter named Lois have you not, Mr. Purdy? 'Shave. And that's why I've come to see you. 'Kindly sit down. 'Papa waited till Mrs. Van Dyne had seated herself. Then he sat down rather gingerly.

'Ma'am,' he said, 'maybe you don't know it, but your son is in love with my daughter. 'Oh! breathed Mrs. Van Dyne. 'Don't I know it! I received a letter from my son this afternoon, a most distressing letter! He wrote me from Maine, where I thought he was peace fully studying, and he told me that he was madly in love with a girl named Lois Purdy, whom of course I'd never heard of!'

'No,' said Papa. 'And I'd never heard of your son till he came—come to my good-bye to Lois. So you see it's just as much of a shock to me as it is to you, ma'am!'

Mrs. Van Dyne replied: 'Impossible! and glared at Papa. But the look he gave her in return caused her to moderate her glare. There was something, a trifle disconcerting in Papa's steady gray eyes.

'Mr. Purdy,' she said in a milder tone, 'you don't, you can't know what this means to me! My son Henry was practically engaged to a girl—a delightful girl of excellent family. Now he tells me, oh! that dreadful letter, that his engagement was broken off the night he left town. He broke it off, over the telephone, because of your daughter. Oh! breathed Mrs. Van Dyne. 'If only his father were alive! He'd know what to do. I am only a woman and I—'

'You're a very handsome one, ma'am, if I may say so. And remarkably well-preserved,' remarked Papa gallantly.

Mrs. Van Dyne straightened up with a little jerk. Then she relaxed and smiled.

'I'm only forty-five,' she said with a naïveté that was really charming. 'My husband was ten years older than I—I depended upon him absolutely. 'I understand,' said Papa. 'I know all about women depending upon their husbands, ma'am. So if you do not mind listening to me, I'll be glad to advise you in regard to this matter of our children falling in love with each other. 'Advise me! said Mrs. Van Dyne. 'Oh yes, no doubt. Yes, yes yes! Of course you want your daughter to marry my son Henry. 'No, ma'am. That's just it. I don't. 'You—what? 'I said I don't. 'You don't? 'I certainly do not,' stated Papa.

Mrs. Van Dyne seemed not to believe her own ears. 'And why,' she asked in amazement, 'don't you?'

Papa planted his hands on his knees and leaned forward in his chair.

'Because ma'am,' he said, 'I looked up your family history, and I found it didn't compare with the Purdy's. I found that your first and original ancestor was a fishmonger, ma'am. 'It can't be true,' gasped Mrs. Van Dyne.

Papa's expression became mildly incredulous. He said: 'Don't tell me you never heard of it, Mrs. Van Dyne. Don't tell me you don't know the founder of your family peddled fish along the Battery line in the time when Manhattan was Dutch?'

Mrs. Van Dyne's face had turned a lovely shade of pink.

'Mr. Purdy! I really don't see what my—my ancestry has to do with the matter we are discussing. 'I only mentioned it ma'am, to show you why I object to your son Henry marrying my daughter Lois. 'Indeed! Then we're agreed about that at least,' said Mrs. Van Dyne.

Mr. Purdy nodded.

'That's right. But the question is how are we going to get those two young 'uns to agree with us? They are dead set on marrying each other. What are we going to do about it?'

The lady sighed.

'I don't know, Mr. Purdy! Oh, if only I had a man to consult!'

'You got me,' said Papa.

Mrs. Van Dyne became, for the moment, almost pathetically feminine. Her regal aloofness vanished. She looked at Papa.

'Well, Mr. Purdy? What do you suggest?'

Papa assumed a judicial manner. 'I'll tell you ma'am,' he said. 'The way I look at it, there's only one sure cure for two love-sick youngsters

and that's to let 'em see each other morning, noon and night. 'Let them see each other! 'Let 'em be together as much as they want to be. The thing to do is to bring Lois and Henry together. The chances are a thousand to one they'll get over their malady. Don't you think I'm right, Mrs. Van Dyne?'

'Mr. Purdy,' said Mrs. Van Dyne. 'Something must be done, and perhaps your scheme would be effective. But how can that be managed?'

'That's easy,' said Papa. 'Whereabouts in Maine is your son staying? 'On Little Deer Lake. He has a fish ing lodge there. It's quite wild. 'So much the better,' said Papa. 'Now look! here, Mrs. Van Dyne! There must be another cottage some where around that lake?'

'Yes. There's a cottage just opposite our lodge. 'Papa beamed on her. 'Mrs. Van Dyne!' he exclaimed. 'You go up to Maine, and live with your son in the lodge. I'll hire the cottage on the island, and Lois and I will go spend our vacation there. That'll give her and Henry a chance to get together, and you and I'll be on hand to watch how things are going. Now what do you say to that?'

Mrs. Van Dyne rose and passed the floor.

'Mr. Purdy I have misgivings! It all sounds logical enough—but still I have my doubts. 'Ma'am, said Papa also rising. 'I had my doubts about mailing you my check or that Charity Ball at the Ritz. But I finally mailed it, and you sent me the tickets, and Lois went to that ball and met Henry and now look at what's happened. Life is a gamble, Mrs. Van Dyne and all you can do is to take your chances. 'I feel so alone in the world,' murmured the lady, somewhat irrelevantly.

'Yes,' said Papa. 'I know the feeling. 'Do you, Mr. Purdy? Well—would you like some tea?'

'Well, I thank you, Mrs. Van Dyne. That is very kind of you,' murmured Papa, who detested tea. But for Lois he was willing to suffer far more than a trifle of indigestion.

An hour later he went home and told his daughter to get ready to go to Maine.

Lois sprang up and clasped him around the neck.

'Oh, papa! I know you'd fix it some how!'

'That's right,' said Papa. 'I've finished it. Now leggo my neck honey, and run and get some bicarbonate of soda. I've been drinking tea. 'Little Deer Lake lies in the heart of the northern Maine wilderness. It is surrounded by pine forests. The nearest railroad station is at Brockton, thirty miles away, and its general effect is one of enchantment. Lois Purdy felt under the spell of this enchantment upon the instant of her arrival. She was in a daze of bliss to be once more near her Henry.

The cottage Papa had rented was on a small island in the middle of the lake. On the northern lake shore stood the Van Dyne lodge. Half a mile of water separated the two places.

For transportation purposes, the Purdy's had a motorboat, and a canoe. The motorboat was old and slow, but Lois didn't mind, for Henry was constantly on hand with his boat, a fast sea sled, in which they spent hours dashing futilely but gloriously around the lake. As for Papa, he was thoroughly content with the canoe. He fished all day and got handsomely sunburned.

He did not see Mrs. Van Dyne for several days after her arrival at the lodge. Then, upon a beautiful rose-tinted afternoon, he caught a six-pound trout and decided to make her a gift of it. He paddled over to the lodge and presented her with the splendid fish.

Mrs. Van Dyne accepted it graciously.

'Thank you,' she said, and added pleasantly. 'It's a fine day, isn't it?'

'Fine!' said Papa. 'Mr. Purdy! How do you think our little scheme is working out?'

'Well, Lois has stopped reading poetry,' replied Papa.

Mrs. Van Dyne nodded.

'Henry is eating again,' she said. 'I tell you what,' said Papa. 'I don't do anybody any good to be unhappy. 'Quite true,' admitted the lady, sighing. 'But I confess I live in dread that they will elope. It would be so easy. They could drive in Henry's car to Brockton, get a license and—'

'I don't think they'll do that,' said Papa. 'Anyway, they're just as apt to quarrel as they are to run off and get married. 'I must say I don't see no signs of their quarrelling. 'Mrs. Van Dyne sighed. They were standing on the steps of the lodge, looking toward the lake. The sun was setting.

'We might have picked a less romantic spot,' she said in a voice that seemed to mourn the beauty of the scene before. 'Don't you feel the romance of it, Mr. Purdy?'

'I feel good and healthy,' said Papa. Mrs. Van Dyne gave him a side-long glance and decided that he was indeed a healthy-looking man. Somehow she felt reassured and vaguely

comforted.

Meanwhile Lois and Henry were tearing around the lower end of the lake at 30 miles an hour in Henry's fast boat. 'Love me?' the boy shouted above the roar of the motor. And: 'Love you!' Lois shouted back, laughing. They still couldn't credit the miracle that had brought them together.

Then one bright afternoon, Papa paddled over to the Van Dyne dock and invited Mrs. Van Dyne to go canoeing with him. 'I got something to tell you,' he said in a low tone, for Henry was sitting at a table on the porch of the lodge with his head in his hands and a book open before him. Mrs. Van Dyne glanced at the immo ble figure of her son; then she said: 'I'd be delighted to go canoeing Mr. Purdy. 'They left the Van Dyne dock and paddled over into the lake. Mrs. Van Dyne's face glowed with unusual animation.

'Well!' she demanded, 'what have

you to tell me?'

'Mrs. Van Dyne,' said Papa, 'I believe they have quarrelled. 'The lady nodded. 'I believe they have! But what makes you think so?'

'Lois wouldn't eat her lunch at noon. Henry ate practically nothing!'

'Let's see,' said Papa. 'Henry was over to call on Lois this morning. They went out in his boat, but they weren't gone long. I guess that's when they must have quarrelled. 'Thank heavens!'

'Well,' said Papa. 'I don't know—seems kind of a shame, in a way. 'A shame, Mr. Purdy?'

'I mean they were so happy together. It made me feel good just to look at them. 'Oh! said Mrs. Van Dyne. 'I've suspected all along that you were on their side, that you weren't really sincere in wanting them to quarrel!'

(Continued on page 7)

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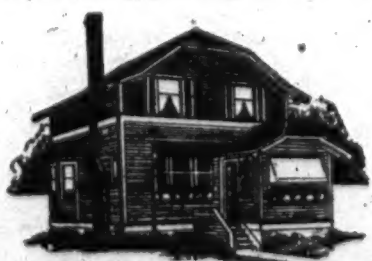
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FARTHEST NORTH AREA MAPPED FROM THE AIR

(Continued)

Famous Steamers on the Mackenzie System

Not to mention aeroplanes, Mackenzie's canoe men would have been amazed if they could have seen the spacious flat-bottomed steamers which now navigate the Mackenzie System, running in a second relay north of the rapids. According to surveyor William Ogilvie, F.R.G.S. of Yukon fame, the first of these boats on the lower Mackenzie system the "Wrigley" which was built at Fort Smith, in 1887 navigated from there to the delta of the Mackenzie. The lumber for its hull and housings was all hand-sawn from timber at hand. The machinery made in Eastern Canada, reached Edmonton by train and boat and from there was freighted on carts and wagons over 100 miles to Athabasca Landing, then down Athabasca river and jake nearly 450 miles to Fort Chipewyan and onward another 100 miles or so to Fort Smith where the parts were assembled. Up to about that time, or before the portage road was cut out, small boats ran the rapids. The "Wrigley" was 80 feet over all, 14 foot beam and 10 feet deep. When fully loaded she drew 6 feet of water at the stern.

Another old boat, the "Grahame" launched in 1883 navigated from Fort Smith up the Slave River and on up the Peace to Vermilion chutes. It had much larger dimensions, being 140 feet long with a 28 foot beam and required nearly a quarter of a million feet of lumber, all of which was cut in the country from native timber hand-sawn for the purpose. Both of these boats went on long ago to the steamboat's heaven.

Still another steamer, the "Athabasca" navigating for the most part the river after which it was named, has been replaced by a second steamer of the same name. All of the Mackenzie river system steamers, then, as now, burned cordwood which is contracted for and then cut and piled on the river's banks at various points.

Timber, Gypsum and Salt

Commenting on the timber along the Slave, Surveyor Ogilvie said: "There is abundance of underbrush, alder, willow and hazel. Alders and willows grow to a size which would surprise people from the eastern part of the country. I have seen alders more than eight inches in diameter and 30 feet high, while willows are often seen a foot in diameter. I have met with one 16 inches in diameter. Poplar is found in groves seldom exceeding 12 to 15 inches in diameter, and from 100 to 120 feet high." From this report it is obvious that in addition to the lumber obtainable from spruce, there is a supply of timber in this northern region for fences, buildings and fuel.

Although rail connection now extends to Waterways, Alberta, Ogilvie on his way to the Fitzgerald region and beyond, travelled northward from Calgary in 1892 by construction train to the end of the steel at that time, 30 miles south of Edmonton. From there he employed wagons to transport his supplies in to Edmonton and on to Athabasca Landing where he found the old steamer "Athabasca" awaiting the arrival of the "up" boat with the yearly fur returns, by which means he reached Grahame's Landing. Later named Smith's Landing for Sir Donald A. Smith of the Hudson's Bay Company who became Lord Strathcona and the third Canadian Commissioner to Britain.

To avoid confusion with Fort Smith the "Landing" was changed to Fitz-

gerald, in memory of a gallant gentleman, Inspector Fitzgerald of the Royal North West Mounted Police, who laid down his life in the north on the McPherson-Dawson patrol in 1911.

At Fitzgerald there are trading stores, warehouses, dwellings, a post office and a mission church. The settlement owes its existence chiefly to the fact that it is the point where freight from the steamers is unloaded and re-loaded on trucks for the portage road to Fort Smith. Government administration buildings are located at the latter, with a mission school, church, stores, post office, wireless station and depot of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Both Fitzgerald and Fort Smith have a weekly mail from about April to November.

At the fort the Slave river is about a mile and a half wide. The lower portion of the map to the north, toward Great Slave Lake, flows through low, swampy land and is so tortuous that the earlier surveyor-explorers, travelling by it, had to go three times as far as the modern aerial surveyor. Just below the fort the banks begin to rise until at the fort itself the height above the water is about 160 feet with the drift clay, gravel and sand on the top of granite. This formation, varied with exposures of calcareous sandstone containing small masses of gypsum, characterizes this portion of the Fitzgerald area.

On the west side of the Slave, opposite La Bette, about 34 miles in an air-line south of Fitzgerald, outcrops occur of about 10 feet of gypsum, overlaid by 20 feet of broken limestone. Between this and Fitzgerald are several other outcrops of gypsum on islands, down to Caribou Island. The upper beds of these sections are used locally for making lime, benefit of which is shown in the whitewashed houses of both the settlements.

Southwest of Fitzgerald on the Slave river another deposit of 20 feet of gypsum is found overlaid by about 10 feet of dolomitic limestone. This escarpment extends more or less continuously in a sinuous line northward for about 40 miles to the Little Buffalo river on the Peace Point map. The top of the escarpment is broken and pitted with sink holes in a way characteristic of a gypsum region. Geologists express the opinion that a great part of the drainage is subterranean through the gypsum strata, and that the source of the salt in the various brine springs is to be found in crystals disseminated through the gypsum.

Rich Flora and Varied Fauna

Travelers on the western prairies exclaimed over the wealth and beauty of the varied and rich flora and fauna of the Fitzgerald country "whose glory and whose multitude rival the constellations", to quote Bryant's lines on the flowers of the prairies to the south. Here, lending beauty to the summer landscape are dandelions, accompanied by man's civilization, yarrow, caropsis, dog roses, goldenrod, pink anemones, harebells of such a heaven by blue as are never seen in more southern latitudes, lady's-tresses, pink ladies-slippers, tall meadow-sweet, flaming prince's plume, and wild marsh marigold shining "like fire in swamps and hollows gray."

Added to these are the blossoms of small fruits, with later the fruits themselves, such as high bush cranberry, cherries, strawberries, wild currants, gooseberries, blueberries, together with raspberries which spread their canes always over newly burnt country.

Water birds, migrating in spring to the mud flats of the delta of the Slave, cross the water areas east of the river and the fewer lakes and streams to the west of it. The universal Canada goose nests anywhere from muskrat houses to trees 40 feet

high. Swans, cranes, plovers, grouse, songsters, the pirate crows, and varieties of many species of bird known to other parts of Canada, people the woods and open fields. Other denizens are moose with bear, beaver, otter, foxes, wolves and other furbearers, and that most majestic brute of all, the buffalo.

Such then is this land, two-thirds of the way between the international boundary and the Arctic Circle, which lies in, the same latitude as Leningrad, Russia.

The Fitzgerald map, with the Peace Point sheet west of it, represents the most northerly territory on Canada's mapping programme to be mapped from the air with the accuracy of detail which that method reveals. The maps of Chipewyan and Lake Claire to the south and Peace Point to the west are of nearly 20,000 square miles is depicted. These sheets are obtainable at the same prices as the Fitzgerald map, or for one dollar to one dollar and a half, according to form, for the set of four.

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THE HERMIT CAPITULATES

BY ISABEL NEILL

"Step up ladies and gentlemen, and see the one and only hermit of Half Moon Hill," bellowed Mary Rose Graydon. She gestured importantly, making a low bow, in the direction of a young man who had been sitting quietly, until this interruption, in the shadow of a large rock.

The ladies and gentlemen, a nondescript lot of barefoot country children, most of whom would have been better for an hour in the tub stepped up. They surveyed the hermit carefully, titillated.

"He has no beard!" objected a freckle-faced urchin, who evidently knew all about hermits.

"Well," Mary Rose thought for a moment. He'll have to raise one, that is all. Anyway he's a proper hermit. But run along, kiddies. The show's over. Anyone who stays for the second performance will have to pay ten cents."

Money was scarce among the audience, so they went on their giggling way, casting occasional backward glances. Mary Rose sat down on a rock near the hermit, who was slightly flushed by the encounter with the children. For a moment neither spoke.

"Not poked, are you Henry?" Mary Rose asked at last.

"No, I'm not angry."

"You shouldn't be. Just good clean fun, was all it was. Just one of my noble attempts to bring sweetness and light into the life of these benighted children."

"Charming to be sweetness and light for you."

"Oh, Hank, you are mad at me! Hurry! That's always a good symptom. You'll be in love with me before you know it."

"Think so?"

"You've got to be. Haven't I loved you all my life, and never been able to stir up a spark of romance or ambition in you? And still I keep on trying. I'm bound to succeed, Hank. Such persistence always wins. Any teacher will tell you that."

But Henry said nothing at all.

"Henry, why couldn't you like me?"

"I do like you! But you know that I'm in no position to even talk to you. I'm just one of the natives and you are the daughter of the richest of the summer people. I think you just like to tease me, anyway. Probably you have half a dozen fellows back in town."

"Dozens and dozens darling! But that's beside the point. When are you going to give up living in this horrible shanty and come to town? Dad will give you a real job Hank, and you'll get along wonderfully. I want you to come."

"I'm not coming."

"Why not?"

"You wouldn't understand, I suppose. But I like to be myself to do things in my own way. If I came to town I'd feel dependent on your father. I can't feel that way. There's something in me that demands freedom. I have my own plans, my own ideas. Some day I'll get somewhere according to them. Maybe it would be nowhere, as you'd view it."

Mary Rose shook her head mournfully.

"Some times I hate you," she said. "You were the smartest boy in high school. Then you went to college, but you weren't lost as many small-town smart boys are. You led your classes. They predicted such great things for you. And then you come back here to Half Moon Hill and putter your life away. I think I'll give you up, Hank. Guess I'll go back to the city and for get about you."

"That's a good idea," Henry contri-

buted. Mary Rose got up from her rock and walked slowly down the hill. Henry watched her. In his eyes was a look that was hungry; a look that did not fit with the ideas he had expressed so strongly a few minutes before.

Back in the city Mary Rose tried to carry out her new plans. She plunged into a giddy whirl of parties, trying to forget that bowed, patient young figure on the rock at Half Moon Hill. Sometimes she considered herself quite a success. She got engaged twice that winter and broke both. And in the spring she met Jose Lopez.

Jose was by way of being a fad. He was as Spanish as his name, tall, slender, with melting brown eyes. He could sing well and he danced divinely. He seemed to have plenty of money, and was asked everywhere, especially by the women past their first youth, to whom he was always charmingly attentive.

Mary Rose met him at eat at Mrs. Watson's. Outside an April rain, cold and steady, was falling. Mary Rose in a yellow-green frock, entered the room, smiling. Jose saw her. They were introduced. Presently they were alone in a corner. Jose's eyes met hers.

"I looked out into the storm and thought that winter was staying," he told her. "And then I saw you, and I knew that spring had come."

In a month Mary Rose and Jose were engaged. Mr. Graydon murmured a bit about the affair.

"What does he do?" he kept asking. "What's his occupation?"

"What does it matter, darling?" Mary Rose responded. "I suppose he has none. The Spanish are different than we are. They don't feel that they must work all the time."

Mr. Graydon sighed. He had wanted Mary Rose to marry an American some one young, energetic and under-standable. He and Jose did not speak the same language it seemed.

Plans for the wedding went on. It was to be in June, in the great cathedral, with much pomp and ceremony. That was Jose's wish. The Spanish did things so, he insisted.

Mary Rose was busy—feverishly busy. She told herself she was happy. She told herself that very often, as if the telling would make it true. But she wasn't happy. There were many hidden things about Jose. He grew a bit weary of his flattery, a bit tired of dancing. And people whispered about him.

Nothing definite of course, reached Mary Rose's ears; that is, until the Amberson party.

The Amberson party was held just three nights before the wedding. It was typical of the other affairs being given for Mary Rose and Jose: large and showy, and just a trifle noisy.

"Vulgar," Mary Rose told herself, just vulgar."

She had run away from the party for a few minutes to get a hold of her self. She had stole into the garden and found a seat hidden by the cedars. She sat there, in the coolness and the silence, trying to forget Jose dancing with old Mrs. Jamieson with that so-vile too-sweet look on his face. She tried to forget the whispers.

A voice came from the other side of the cedars, from a spot even more secluded than her own. Jose's voice.

"I'll need a couple of thousand—"

Jose was saying. That will carry me through the wedding and the honeymoon. Then it will be easy. Old Graydon has plenty of money."

"He may not care to part with it."

a cracked voice—that of old Mrs. Jamieson answered, "d'd you ever think of that, my Jose?"

"There are ways," said Jose dreamily. "Many ways. I can tell him things about his daughter that he would move heaven and earth to have hushed up."

"True things?"

"Of course not. But he'll think they are true."

"He might not think so."

"If he doesn't there are other methods. He might wish to spare his daughter a little torture—refined torture, you understand."

"You naughty boy! Jose, you're a scream. Come around in the morning and I will give you the money and bid you goodbye. You've amused me for a long time, Jose, and I've never minded paying for my pleasures."

They were gone. Nothing was left but the cedars, with a little sigh running through them.

Mary Rose didn't cry. She didn't look out Jose. She didn't tell her hostess goodnight, or get her wrap. She ran, through the fragrant night toward her home. It was a long way there, and she arrived tired and panting.

There was a light in her father's study. She ran to it, and fell on her knees by his chair. He caught her to him and stilled her sobbing.

"I can't marry Jose," she cried, over and over again. "I can't. And you mustn't make me."

Then she told him what she had heard. Her father's strong, brown hands clenched and unclenched as she told him the story.

"Go to bed Mary Rose," he said at last. "In the morning we'll know what to do."

"I know what to do now," she sighed. "Let me go away—back to Half Moon."

"In the morning,"

The morning came at last, after the long, sleepless night. Mary Rose looked like a pale ghost of herself. Her father was white and strained. He had done some telephoning, and had arranged a meeting with Jose for his office that morning.

"Let me get away," Mary Rose pleaded. "I want to hide. I'm afraid he'll find me. I'm afraid of him."

Before Mr. Graydon could answer the doorbell rang. Mary Rose screamed.

"That's Jose," she declared. "I know it is! I can't see him. I won't!"

But it wasn't Jose. It was another young man, a serious looking young man with clear brown eyes and a flush on his brown cheeks.

"Henry!"

Mary Rose cried it and flung herself at him. Mr. Graydon looked quiz-zically on.

"Mary Rose," Henry's voice was shaking. He paid no attention to her father. "I've come to ask you to marry me. I've loved you for a long time but I wasn't going to ask you to marry me until I got through with my experiments and they were successful, so I could give you the things you have now. I'm not through yet."

(Continued on page five)

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ed) groups—Phone Mrs. G. Gregson
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er can obtain from N. Beaupre,
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The Wainwright Star

W. J. HUNTINGFORD

Editor and Publisher

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ments will be inserted till forbid and
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Accounts rendered monthly

WAINWRIGHT ALBERTA FEBRUARY 4th., 1931

ROTARY AND
NATURALIZATIONThe family gathering of the Cana-
dian nation, which has been arrang-
ed by the Rotary Club of Canada for
Sunday February 15th, is a signif-
icant and interesting idea. By means
of an all-Canada hook-up on that
date, starting at 6 P.M. Eastern Stan-
dard Time, every district in Canada
will be able to listen in on an all-
Canadian musical programme design-
ed to foster Canadian art and a Can-
ada fellow feeling.But perhaps even more interesting
than this first complete all-Canada
hook-up, with every broadcasting
station of consequence in the circuit
is the fact that the Rotary Clubs are
using the occasion for a short address
on the subject of naturalization. It
is an undoubted fact that many of
the wrong sort of people are obtain-
ing the privileges of Canadian citi-
zenship—people who use these privi-
leges for the overthrow of the over-
throw of the kind of civilization for which
the Dominion stands. On the other
hand many most desirable foreign-
born residents are neglecting natu-
ralization when as a matter of fact
their addition to the citizenry would
be a source of strength to the nation.
Both these defects in our system of
naturalization the Rotary Clubs are
working to remedy.It has been said, with regard to
the naturalization of undesirable
foreigners, that this cannot take
place, because the Royal Canadian
Mounted Police are asked to investi-
gate the applicant in each case. Never-
theless, it is a fact that in the vast
majority of cases the judge before
whom the application is made has no
other information placed before him
than the applicant's own story. He
causes no report of the R.C.M.P. is
received unless the report is unfavor-
able for such reasons as that the ap-
plicant has a police record or has
practically no knowledge of English.
The lack of a report does not neces-
sarily mean that the applicant is de-
serving of naturalization, for the ap-
plicant's general character, his as-
sociates and his society affiliations
may be all against him, despite the
fact that he has no police record."The rankiest Bolshevik can be
and, often is, admitted to the privi-
leges of British citizenship," declares
one judge who for ten years has
handled all naturalization applica-
tions in his district.If a greater national interest in
this important problem results from
this national family party under the
auspices of Canadian Rotary then
an excellent and constructive piece
of national work will have been per-
formed. We need more of the right
sort of citizens and fewer of the
wrong sort.SMOKE STILL
GOES UPWARDTo the casual reader of the news-
papers it must seem that farming has
become entirely a matter of official
proceeding. A committee reports. A
board is appointed. A conference
will take up the question. An organi-
zation has adopted resolutions. An
investigation is pending. This is al-
most the only guide in which farming
appears in the public view nowadays.
So far as the printed record goes,
there isn't much else to it any more.But out in the country things some-
how don't seem that way. The aroma
of sausage and griddlecakes still
arises in the farm kitchen, thanks
to the gifted farm wife. The cows
and the shotes are still receiving
their daily rations from the farmer's
own hands. The farm boy still goes
whistling about his chores and is
may be feeding out a pig or a calf of his
own. Old Rover is still inclined to
chase an occasional unwary rabbit.
Life on the farm still seems to be
going through its customary round
of requirements and compensations un-
der its own motion.These two pictures of farming
don't match up very well. Both of
them can hardly be true. But the dis-
crepancy is little to worry about.
One picture is the genuine article;
the farmers it depicts will go on get-
ting in the crops, setting up the bills
and attending to the usual business
of the land, and as old Cy Island
used to say out in Kansas, the smoke
will still go up the chimney. (Coun-
try Gentleman)WHERE IT
DOES PAYDoes advertising pay? No, says
the man who sticks his ad in some
time table or directory and expects
people to walk around, look it up and
by seeing his name break their necks
to get to his store.The man who wants to get results
out of advertising places his message
in the home paper that goes to the
homes of his prospective customers,
and the readers appreciate the paper
enough to pay to get it.A real concrete example as to
whether newspaper advertising pays
or not was shown in the strike of
printers in New York City when the
newspapers came out without any
advertisements. During that time busi-
ness in the department stores fell 50
per cent.A wedding announcement stuck up
on a fence or a billboard might be
read by a few, but the same announce-
ment in the local paper would be read
by every subscriber.Don't put your light under a bushel
says the Scriptures. Put your adver-
tising in the newspapers that are
printed for people to read.

WHERE NATURE DWARFS MAN

Visitors to Jasper National Park, in the heart of the Canadian
Rockies, stand close to the very act of creation. In this beautiful
area, life once was eradicated. Convulsion seized the land and reared
rock upward to the skies. Out of the welter came the glorious
peaks to defy ice and time, their rugged beauty a magnetic attrac-
tion for thousands of sight-seers. Small wonder mere mortals
stand by and drink in the grandeur of the peaks. Above is Maligne
Lake, its shores framed by mountains. C.N.R. Photo.ON GOING
TO CHURCHIt is a common experience for the
majority of men to be absolutely all
in on Sunday; the day they are sup-
posed to go to church. Not that they
do not wish to go; the wishbone func-
tions, but the backbone weakens.The out of doors appears so very
attractive contrasted with the mem-
ory of a previous Sunday, a long
time ago, when the air of the church
was so very stuffy and a trifle un-
wholesome. Of course, with others
it is just a matter of bad luck that
visitors drop in the very moment
they are setting out to rejoice the
preacher's heart and possibly im-
prove their own.It is fortunate they did not live in
the year 1578. The Queen's Majes-
ty's Justice of Peace for the town
of Bury in Suffolk, England, held
strong opinions on the matter of
"church going" and for the guidance
of the weak and indifferent, drew up
stringent articles for their observ-
ance with penalties attached in case
of failure."If any person shall absent him-
self from the church on the Sabbath Day
or other holidays or not come at the
beginning of prayers and not contin-
ue till the end of the exercise he is
to be punished according to the sta-
tute"The Justices also had a keen eye
upon the younger men. They had
an article set down in the statutes to
meet their case."If they be boys above the age of
tenne years, that shall in this point
offende, the fathers and their moth-
ers, that shoulde have better look-
ed to them, shall be punished thus
and the boy offending by his father
or mother, whipp'd, the constable
seeing the performance thereof"NEWSPAPERS
NECESSARYIt is quite a common thing nowa-
days, says the Ottawa Times, to find
prominent men in all parts of the
world paying tribute to the contribu-
tion which the newspaper makes to
the life of today. While there are al-
ways to be found those people who
are ready to sneer at the newspaper
and find fault with it, yet there is,
on the other hand, a large body of
responsible opinion which recognizes
the service which the newspaper gives,
and realizes that the world would
not very well get along without it.One of such men is the Lord Chief
Justice of England, Lord Hewart of
Bury. In a recent address in England
he made public acknowledgment of
the place which the newspaper occu-
pies in the world today in the fol-
lowing words:"It is now the high noon, too, to find
at newspapers, but, after all, the per-
son who sneers at the press ask
first for the newspaper when he
comes down for breakfast. In a coun-
try which enjoys representative in-
stitutions, the newspaper is a neces-
sity. But do we always think as gen-
erally as we might of the amazing
stability, diligence, care and learning,
the wit, humor, skill and versatility,
the courage, the conscientiousness
and the sheer hard work which go to
make up the best kind of news-
papers?"These are words worth noting when-
ever there is a tendency to belittle
the usefulness and necessity of news-
papers to the communities in which
they are published and to the world
in general, for there are few people
who could get along very well with-
out the information which they glean
from day to day in the columns of
their favorite newspaper.CARBON MONOXIDE
POISONING IS DEADLYEvery person who owns, drives,
rides in or repairs a car, or who
works in a public garage or repair
shop, or has a private garage, should
understand the dangers and hazards
to life if carbon monoxide gas (auto
mobile exhaust gas) is inhaled. This,
of course, applies to any gasoline en-
gine. This gas is very poisonous and
deadly, and under no condition should
an automobile be allowed to run for
any appreciable time in a garage, pri-
vate or public, or in a repair shop
without having the garage doors
open or a proper ventilating system
or the exhaust connected to the out-
side air by a direct airtight outlet.
If riding in a closed car always have
the windows down at least four in-
ches as the exhaust gas may escape
into the car and gradually overcome
the occupants.Carbon monoxide gas is colorless
and odorless, thus making it espe-
cially dangerous as a source of poison.
As no warning is given to the person
exposed. It acts on the blood when
inhaled and indirectly causes as-
phyxiation.The danger increases in cold weath-
er as garage doors are more likely
to be kept closed when "warming
up" or fixing an engine.A person breathing this gas may
become a little dizzy at first with a
slight headache a noise in the ears,
throbbing in the temples, with a feel-
ing of sleepiness, fatigue, weakness,
and nausea. The mind becomes dulled
and although he may realize the dan-
ger of his surroundings he is unable
to exert himself to even open a win-
dow or try to get to a door. The gas

is slightly lighter than air.

More carbon monoxide is formed in
winter when the gas mixture must be
richer, hence the necessity to keep
the garage doors open no matter how
cold it is, when the engine is running.If you notice you are becoming
giddy and the head begins to ache
and temples throb, get out into the
fresh air at once, for if you should
happen to faint before you reach the
door, you will quickly be overcome.When you find a person overcome
by carbon monoxide poisoning send
for a doctor and keep the victim in a
warm well ventilated room with arms
outstretched. Artificial respiration
may be tried while waiting for the
doctor.The fundamental essentials of safe-
ty lie in foresight and caution. These
are the most effective weapons in
dealing with what has been termed
"the invisible peril of the motorist"WAINWRIGHT STAR WILL
DO SHARE IN ASSISTINGThe Star, fully realizing that at
this time money is about as scarce as
hen's teeth, and yet being unable to
carry on without the necessary sup-
port from the subscribers, feels that

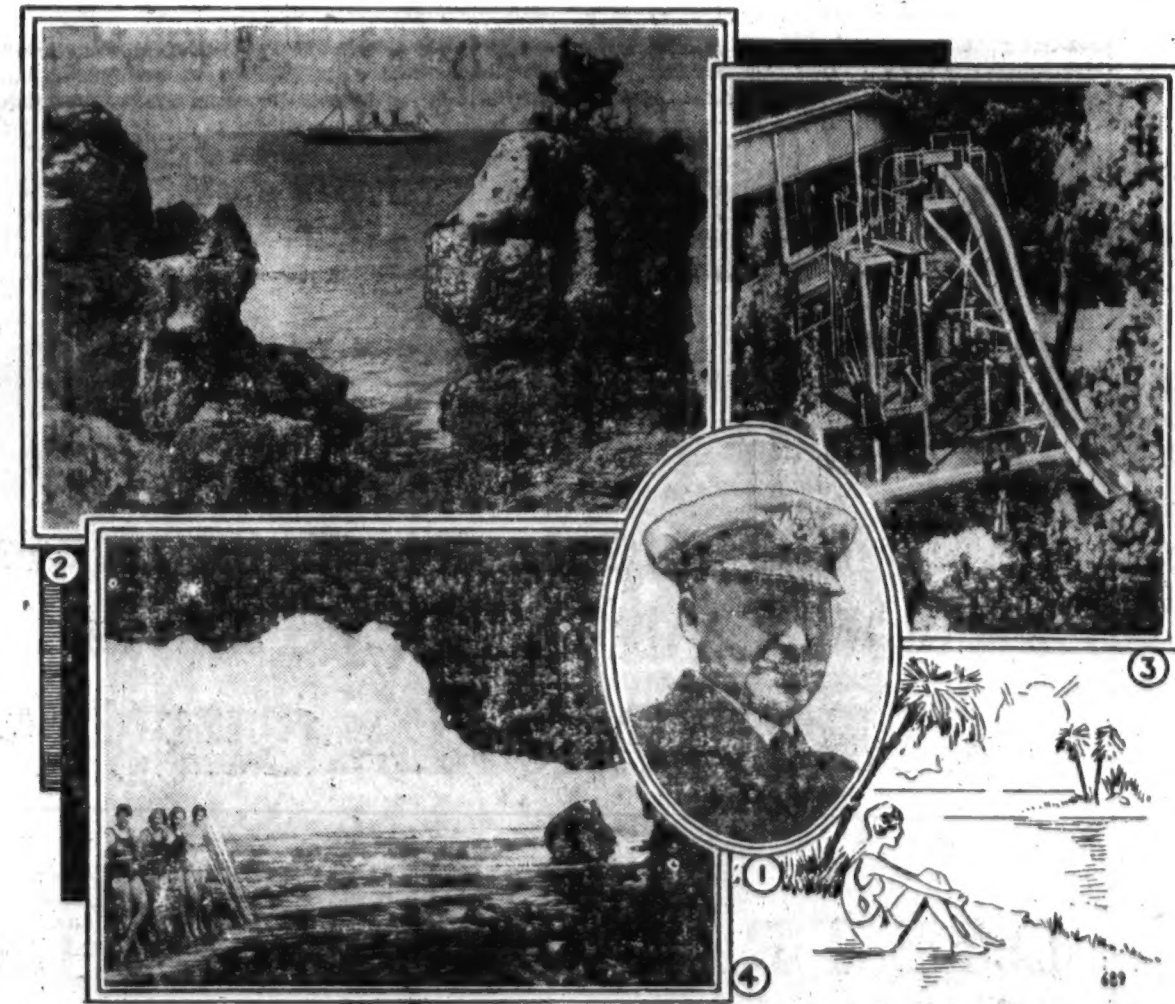
PUBLIC NOTICE

IN THE ESTATE OF MARY Mc-
LEAN, late of Wainwright, in the
Province of Alberta, widow, deceasedNOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that
all persons having claims upon the
Estate of the above named Mary Mc-
Lean deceased, who died on the 10th
day of November A.D., 1930, are re-
quired to file with the undersigned
Solicitor for the Executor, at Wain-
wright, Alberta, by the 30th day of
March A.D., 1931, a full statement
duly verified of their claims and of
any securities held by them; and af-
ter that date the Executor will dis-
tribute the Estate of the said Mary
McLean among the parties entitled
thereto, having regard only to the
claims of which notice has been so
filed, or which have been brought to
his knowledge.DATED the 2nd day of February
A.D. 1931M. G. CARDELL,
Solicitor for the Executor
Wainwright, Alberta. 4-2THE
"B.C." LAUNDRY

Second Ave, Wainwright

NOW UNDER
NEW MANAGEMENTAll accounts owing to Mah
Wing, former proprietor, must be
paid forthwith, and the undersig-
ned will not be responsible for any
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vious to January 5th, 1931.
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Already the winter playground of many Cana-
dians, Bermuda will be brought even closer to
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weekly sailing from New York by the Canadian
Pacific liner Duchess of York.
The island—or, to be correct—the 365 coral
islands that form Bermuda in addition to being the
closest summer-weather resort to Canada is fam-
ous for lilies, golf and bathing.
Canadian professionals from Toronto and Ham-
ilton are familiar faces on two of the many fine
courses of which Bermuda boasts, and excellent
bathing both on beaches and in open-air sea-water
pools is a feature.
Pictured above are: (1) Captain R. N. Stuart,
V.C., D.S.O., commander of the Duchess of York.
(2) Coral rock formation on the coast showing the
Duchess of Bedford en route to the West Indies.
(3) The open-air swimming pool, which is a fea-
ture of the Hotel Hamilton, Bermuda's largest hotel.
(4) One of the many caves.

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SERVICES NEXT SUNDAY

11 p.m.—Sunday School and Bible classes.
3 p.m.—Greenfields
7:30 p.m.—Evening Worship
Subject—"The Seeking Saviour"

St. Luke's Church



Rev. Hugo Doyle, P.P.

SERVICES, SUNDAY, NEXT

9 a.m.—Gilt Edge
11 a.m.—Wainwright
7:30 p.m.—Sermon and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.
Subject—"The Church and Divorce."

EVERYBODY WELCOME

The Presbyterian Church in Canada

St. Andrew's, Wainwright

Rev W. S. Brooker - Pastor

Sundays

11 a.m.—Divine Service
12 noon—Sunday School
7:30 p.m.—Divine Service

Baptisms are held on the first Sunday of each month at the morning service. The Lord's Supper is celebrated the first Sunday in January, April, July and October.

ALL ARE WELCOME



WAINWRIGHT LODGE NO. 45 I.O.O.F.

Meets every Monday night at 8 p.m. in the I.O.O.F. Hall, Third Avenue.

Visiting brethren always welcome

F. MORRIS, N.G.
W. HUNTINGFORD, R.S.
B. KARMAN, F.S.

UMISK ENCAMPMENT NO. 4 I.O.O.F.

Meets in the I.O.O.F. Hall, Third Avenue Wainwright on the Second and Fourth Thursday of every month at eight p.m.

Visiting and Travelling Patriarchs always welcome;

W. ADAMS, C.P.
W. C. BOWEN, R.S.

ADELINE REBEKAH LODGE I.O.O.F.

Meets every First and Third Thursday of the month in I.O.O.F. hall. Visiting members always welcome.

Sis. B. Hughes, N.G.
Sis. E. Love, R.S.
Sis. M. Carrell, F.S.

*** Buy your winter supply of coal from the Atlas yard, Black Diamond Newcastle, and Pembina Eggs—Joe Welch, phone 57.

CONTINUATION OF Citizen's Meeting

(Continued from page 1)

with other towns in the matter of close financing, and the advantages enjoyed for the money expended. Councillor Clifton reporting for the Public Works Committee gave a resume of the work undertaken through the year, and mentioned that although the weather of last fall closed down the work intended to some extent the committee still had sufficient funds from the debenture issue to fully complete the programme for which that money was intended.

Reporting also for the Fire and Light Committee, Councillor Clifton went over the installation of the fire protection system, and gave it as his opinion that we are now enjoying possibly the best protection against fire for the money expended which is available in any town in the west. The Cemetery committee and Health committee which were dealt with by Councillor Petrie showed, by report that although money had been too scarce during 1930 to make much expenditure upon the cemetery it was intended during the coming twelve months to make several improvements to that portion of the town's holdings. He also stated that Wainwright had fortunately enjoyed an exceedingly clean bill of health during the year, with no epidemics, and only the usual amount of individual sickness.

In answering a question by Mr. J. Cuthbertson, the speaker gave it as his personal opinion that possibly something could be done during 1931 to arrange for partial caretaking of the cemetery to obviate any distress there from over growth of weeds and such-like.

Dealing with the Public Utilities, Councillor Huntingford spoke regarding the interruptions in electric service, and the manner in which these occur and are gradually being eliminated. He stated also that for its size the town has fairly good street lighting service, and that in many instances an extra street light would prove far more expensive to the ratepayers than the good might seem.

A question by Mr. Frickleton, regarding the supply of power to the big electric fire-lighting unit, brought forth a reply from Councillor Huntingford which plainly showed that as far as possible with the money available this had been taken care of, and the supply carried from three different directions to the motor and pumps.

Councillor Welch, as chairman of the Assessment and Property committee pointed out that in spite of the awful loss sustained in the big fire of 1929, and the loss therefrom in taxable property, the Council had continued to rebuild and operate with no increase in either taxes or assessment for 1930. He stated that the Town now owned one of the finest town halls in Alberta for a town this size, and possibly perhaps a little better than present conditions seem to warrant; but he had no doubt that within a short time it would be found to be inadequate in its capacity.

Speaking with regard to the removal of the temporary buildings (a feature which some months ago seemed to be a sore point with some of the citizens) he gave the reasons for the different angles to this situation in a very lucid manner.

With the exceptions as noted above there was no concerted effort to obtain any other information by those present, and although the Mayor at different times asked for questions or comments, practically nothing was forthcoming; despite the criticisms of this, that, or the other action of the Town Council during the year.

In the absence of Mr. W. Knowles the town's elected member of the Hospital Board, Mr. J. G. Lewis, gave a short resume of the workings of that institution during the past year and it is The Star's intention to go more fully into this as soon as the annual statement is available. It was shown by Mr. Lewis that the institution is more than doing project-

ed duty for the ratepayers, and that it will not be long before something will have to be done about an enlargement, as at present each year shows an increasing number of patients and a greatly enlarged number of hospital days.

This concluding the public business of the Town Council, the meeting was then turned over to the Trustees of the School Board.

THE HERMIT CAPITULATES

(Continued from page 3)

but I heard you were going to marry this Spaniard, and I came to see if I couldn't persuade you to change your mind."

Mary Rose answered by nuzzling closer to Henry's chin. A soft little hand crept round his neck and caressed him.

Mr. Graydon coughed.

"If it's all right with you sir?" Henry asked.

"Of course, it's all right. Best thing that could have happened. I'll call up the factor and you can be married this afternoon. Then you can take her away to a quiet place. She's all untrusting."

Some time later, in fact, over an ecstatic wedding dinner, Mary Rose recalled something. She looked at Henry, who was not at all flushed, but nobly calm.

"Henry," she asked gently, "You didn't hear anything about what happened last night, did you?"

"No, my dear."

"Nothing much."

Mary Rose looked at the flowers, a dreamy expression in her eyes. Henry looked at his father-in-law. A sign passed between them. Mary Rose must never know of a certain long-distance telephone conversation that had taken place the previous night.

Mr. Graydon surveyed his new son-in-law and heaved a sigh of satisfaction. It had been a strenuous day, but it was all over now. He had a son-in-law with whom he had exchanged only a couple of dozen words since his arrival, but that was all to the good. They spoke each other's language.

OLD SCHOOL BOARD HOLDS LAST MEETING

The regular meeting of the School Board was held on Monday evening with all members present, and the minutes of the previous gathering were adopted as read.

Bills and accounts to the amount of \$1716.58 were presented for payment, and these were ordered paid on a motion by Trustees Wainwright and Stuart.

On motions regularly adopted, the reports of both the school principal and the trust officer were accepted and ordered filed.

Trustees Montgomery and Washburn were responsible for the adoption and filing of the report of the auditors for 1930 and also for a resolution that the annual membership fee of \$10.00 for Alberta school trustee association be forwarded.

The meeting adjourned after some routine matters had been dealt with.

TO AMEND POOL

GUARANTEE ACT

EDMONTON—An amendment to the Wheat Pool Guarantee Act of the last session will be introduced in the Alberta legislature to enable the government to take care of such loss as may be incurred in 1929 wheat. The form of terms for this payment have not yet been arranged with the banks and the premier says that another conference in the east may be necessary; but in the meantime the act in general terms will be passed empowering the government to meet the loss in alternative ways.

BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF CROP ROTATION

(Experimental Farms Note)

Western Canada agriculture can not hope to be permanently productive unless provision is made for maintaining the nitrogen content and organic matter of the soil. The application of manure and commercial fertilizers, the growing of legumes and fibrous rooted grasses in systematic crop sequences are means of maintaining the productivity of the soil.

At the Dominion Experimental Station, Morden, where for the past years five different cropping systems have been under trial, it is distinctly interesting to observe the beneficial effects of these rotations covering this short period. Four of these rotations join a half section of land recently purchased for the Morden Station. This land has been under cultivation for over 40 years with no definite cropping system. Consequently during the past season not only was there considerable soil drifting due to lack of soil fibre on the newly acquired land but now this was well established and involved considerable expense in its eradication.

The land on which definite crop rotations have been under test has not

shown any signs of soil drifting and although row thistle has been growing profusely on all sides, it is distinctly free from this noxious weed.

The beneficial effects of rotating crops in which legumes and grasses are grown along with cereal crops are many and varied. The chief of them are, replacing of the soil fibre building up soil fertility, distributing of farm labour more evenly throughout the year, controlling more effectively weeds, insects and fungous diseases. Besides the land is more readily prepared in the spring and finally the hazard of crop failure is largely eliminated.

At the Morden Station where alfalfa, western rye grass and corn are grown along with wheat and oats in a six year rotation, not only have yields and financial returns been highly satisfactory but the productivity of the soil is being gradually improved.

UNEMPLOYMENT MAIN

PROBLEM BEFORE HOUSE

EDMONTON—Unemployment, a natural resource, and irrigation will be the big three questions before the legislature of Alberta in the session opened Thursday last.

They are all recognized as questions of great moment, and Premier Brownlee, in announcing on Monday the government program of public bills, said that while there will be three pieces of legislation as now proposed, more discussion than any previous program for several years.

Nevertheless the premier is hoping that the house may conclude its work by March 20 and that date for the closing is now being taken as a working basis. All the bills are well in hand, said the premier, and the several pieces of government business will be brought promptly before the house.

Attention is to be directed first of all and to as full an extent as may be found necessary to the matter of unemployment and relief, and legislation will be introduced to ratify the agreements with the Dominion government and the municipalities providing for raising necessary funds with which to meet expenditures for works and relief.

Next in importance to the unemployment question, says Premier Brownlee, will be that of legislation dealing with the transfer of the natural resources. Under this heading five separate but related acts will be introduced as follows: An act formally setting up the department of lands and mines; a water power act, providing for the administration of all waterpowers in the province; a provincial lands act; a fisheries act; and a forestry act.

It is expected that mines and mining leases will be administered under the Provincial Lands Act.

Third place on the agenda in order of importance is given to legislation following upon the report of the Wilson commission on irrigation. The recommendations in that report dealt with and as these concern the new west irrigation as well as the Lethbridge Northern irrigation scheme, there will be amendments to all the irrigation acts.

"UNLESS BUSINESS IMPROVES"

Unless the cart moves of its own accord we are disinclined to hitch the horse to it. Unless the car climbs the hill we will not give it any gas. Unless the train makes the run we will put no coal under the boilers.

The man in the street says—"Unless business improves I won't buy the things I need for my family."

The retailer says—"Unless business improves I will cancel my order."

The manufacturer says—"Unless business improves I will cut off my advertising and discharge my workmen."

The discharged workmen, no longer receiving pay, do not say, "Unless business improves." They simply say, "We cannot buy goods."

When that time comes, everything is finished, we all quit work, and everybody is satisfied.

What then?—Well we just start all over again. We hitch the horse to the cart. We give the car some gas. We put the coal under the boilers. We buy the things we need for the family.

We give more orders, we advertise, and do not discharge our workmen, and the workmen buy goods, and everything goes right along the same as it was before the trouble.

There is only one reason for pushing right now more vigorously than ever, and that is because business is not what is technically called "good." It is just as good as it ever was but its goodness is potential latent; it must be stimulated. Do you realize that it was only a year ago when people were falling over one another to spend their money? That was a state of mind. They are all states of mind, and the chief function of advertising is to produce a state of mind.

Fumbling in the dark for the key-hole is unnecessary when the door-knob is equipped with an automatic electric light.

WESTERN FAIR DATES INCLUDE WAINWRIGHT

At a meeting at Winnipeg last week the following were the tentative dates set for the class B2 fairs in Alberta for 1931:—

Lacombe, July 20-22; Stettin, July 23-25; Camrose, July 27-29; Vegreville, July 30-August 1; Vermilion, August 3-5; and Wainwright, August 6-8. These dates are all inclusive, and will be ratified at a meeting of the Western Fair Board to be held in Edmonton on February 10th.

SUBSCRIBE to the Star.

DELIGHTFUL BALLET MUSIC OVER C.N.R. RADIO SUNDAY

Naniki Poo, son of the Mikado, he of shreds and patches and dreamy jubilation, went about the country disguised as the second-trombone in a wandering band. Gustav Holst, the English composer, did not have to hide from an angry father, but he has always been a wanderer and for years he went about as first trombone. His journeyings have taken him far afield but never into the perils that poor Naniki Poo suffered and most of them have been in music. Wandering for the composer began when a Swedish family migrated to England. Holst is essentially English but his music has taken him far beyond the tight little island which attracted his ancestors. He has expressed much of the Orient and has gone so far as to fly away

Back together and write of eastern music will be heard by radio listeners on Sunday afternoon, February 8th, when the Toronto Symphony broadcasts over the Canadian National Railway's coast-to-coast network. The program will include as Alfred "Beni More" Other numbers will be: the overture to the delightful opera "Mignon"; the ballet music from Gounod's "Faust"; a Russian dance by Goudonov; and the andante from Mozart's splendid G Minor symphony. All these beautiful numbers will be heard over CNRD (Red Deer) from 3 to 4 p.m.

SAFEWAY STORES

DISTRIBUTION WITHOUT WASTE

Extra Specials for Friday and Saturday, February 6 & 7

Evaporated Milk Tall tins 25c

Mixed Candy Fancy 2 lbs 25c

Sugar B. C. or Alberta 20 lbs \$1.16

Rolled Oats 8 lb Bags 29c

Fancy Biscuits Christies Pkg 23c

Choice Peas No. 4 Can 11c

Sliced Peaches Roseale Can 20c

PROMPT DELIVERY

PHONE 78

WAINWRIGHT.

GROWTH OF REWARD WHEAT IS URGED

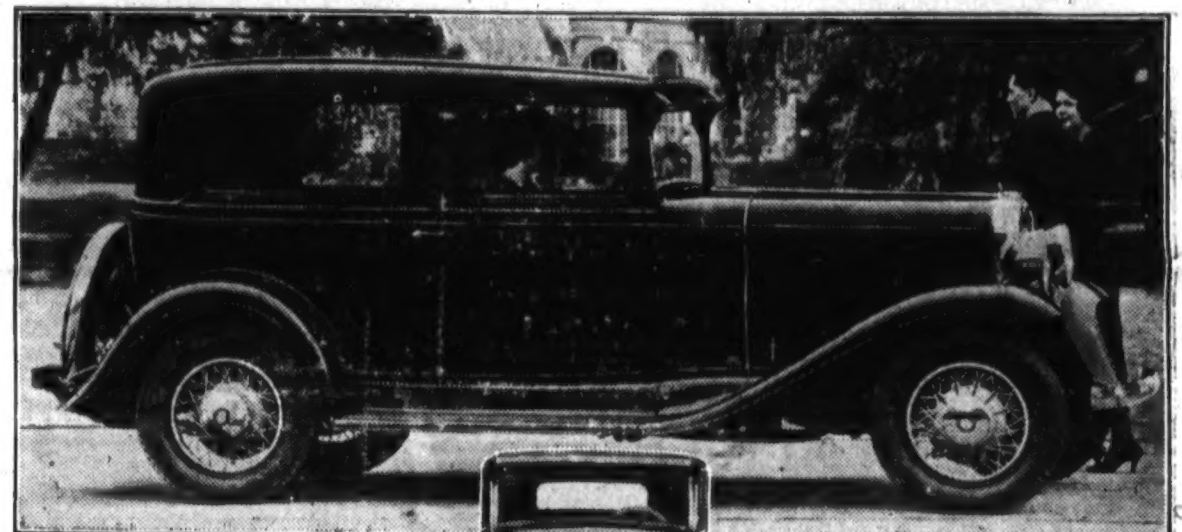
SASKATOON—Reward wheat will come into general use in northern Saskatchewan if recommendations made by representatives of the provincial department of agriculture, the dominion experimental farms and the college of agriculture at their annual meeting at the University of Saskatchewan are adopted.

The cereal committee reported that recent tests of Reward wheat in districts where Marquis was endangered by fall frost, gave most satisfactory

results. The report stated that Reward was not more susceptible to frost than other wheats as was once feared. Reward offered more resistance to rust than Marquis. Garnet wheat has been dropped from the list of wheats suitable for northern production owing to inferior baking quality, weak straw and tendency to sprouting.

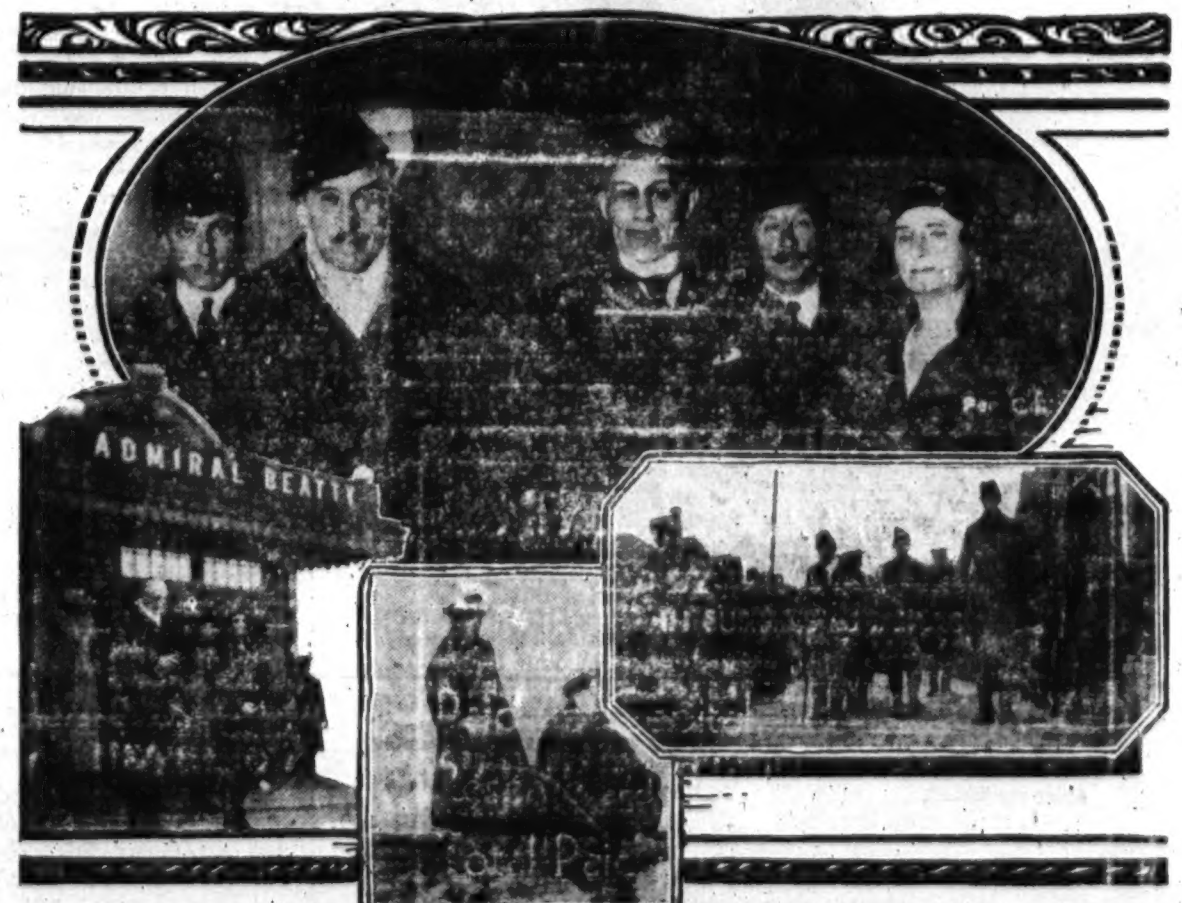
To save time and reduce postage stamp losses, a meter machine for parcel post has been introduced and approved by the post office department.

New Lines of Beauty in 1931 Oldsmobile



The 1931 Oldsmobile, higher-powered and redesigned along strikingly beautiful lines, has just been announced. The larger picture shows the standard two-door sedan. Below is a front view, revealing beautiful contours. The 1931 car possesses many new mechanical refinements.

A Governor General Departs



Full military honors were accorded Viscount Willingdon, on the occasion of his sailing from Saint John, N.B. in the Canadian Pacific liner "Montclare", on relinquishing his post as Governor General of Canada to assume that of Viceroy of India. The pictures show the vice-regal party on board ship, including Their Excellencies Viscount and Lady Willingdon; Captain G. Fitzgibbon McCombie, of the "Montclare"; Colonel Humphrey Snow, Comptroller of the Household; and Lieutenant D. H. Fuller, A.D.C.; the inspection of the guard of honor, with Captain Streetfield, A.D.C., in the foreground; he had a special berth on the ship; taking the salute in front of the Admiral Beatty Hotel, and one of the gun-crews of the painting battery on Partridge Island, which fired 19 guns as the liner passed, bearing Their Excellencies to England.

What Shall We Name The Baby?

A SYMPOSIUM BY INTERESTING PEOPLE OF TODAY
CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM A. LEWIN

To select a suitable name for each new baby that comes into the world is indeed an absorbing problem. Nearly 2,000,000 new babies were born last year. And yet there are less than 1,000 names to choose from. Parents search through directories for suggestions. Shall we create some interesting new names?

No. 42—LEOPOLD AUER

MUSICIAN

My favorite names are:

BOYS		GIRLS	
Harold	Roderick	Angelina	Laurette
Nicholas	Eugene	Charlotte	Wanda
Herbert	Norman	Sonia	Ludmila

HAROLD is a name of Teutonic origin meaning "warlike power." It is the name of an English king of the Eleventh Century and a Norwegian king of the same period.
LAURA is a name of Latin origin meaning "laurel." It is the name of the heroine of Byron's poem "Beppo."

REFRESHING EATS FOR THIS WEEK

(BY BETTY BARCLAY)

NOURISHING EGG DISHES

Each woman who owns a hen or purchases eggs from her corner grocer will want to try these novel egg recipes for cold weather dishes:

Cottage Cheese Pie

Line a deep pie plate with pie crust and add the following mixed together in the order given:

- 3 well-beaten eggs
- 1 cup cottage cheese
- 1 cup shredded coconut
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg

2 cups milk or enough to fill the pie plate

Bake as you would custard pie, being careful to reduce the heat to insure a firm consistency.

Omelet Med Ome

- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/16 teaspoon pepper
- 4 eggs
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 6 tablespoons thinly shredded cheese

Mix flour, milk salt and pepper and add eggs beaten very light. Melt butter in frying pan and when hot turn mixture into pan. Bake in a 400 degree F. oven about 25 minutes until golden brown and well puffed. Sprinkle cheese over top and return to oven until melted. Fold omelet into roll turn on hot platter, and serve immediately.

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Health Service

OF THE

Canadian Medical Association

GRANT FLEMING, M.D., — ASSOCIATE SECRETARY

INDIGESTION

Indigestion is a word which has no particular meaning beyond conveying the information that there is an uncomfortable feeling in the abdomen, which the sufferer attributes to the stomach or to some other part of the digestive system.

Discomfort in the region of the abdomen may be due to one of many conditions. It may be caused by an ulcer of the stomach, inflammation of the gall-bladder, appendicitis, constipation or to some one or other of the many conditions, sometimes trivial, sometimes serious, which are responsible for what is popularly known as indigestion.

There is only one way to treat indigestion properly and effectively, and that is to find out the cause and then remove it. The general tendency is for the sufferer to dose himself with medicines, or to try some kind of diet which is well-meaning, but medically ignorant friends will suggest as a cure.

Soda is often taken in large amounts, regularly or frequently by those who think that their trouble is an acid stomach with the idea of neutralizing the acid in their stomachs. They ignore the fact that if digestion is to take place in the stomach, acid must be present, and, therefore, large doses of soda merely interfere with normal digestion.

A certain amount of roughage in the diet is generally desirable but, if the intestines are irritable and are causing discomfort the addition of roughage—so often taken by the sufferer to overcome the constipation which accompanies the condition—may be harmful.

medically.

Honey Mousse

- 2 oranges
- 1 tablespoon granulated gelatine
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1/2 cup honey

Heat oranges, removing inner membranes with rind, and cut in small pieces. Soak gelatine in cold water; heat the honey; add gelatine, stirring until dissolved; add orange, remove from fire and when cold, add cream, beaten stiff. Put in mold; and pack in equal parts ice and salt, and let stand three or four hours.

Orange Sponge Cake

- 2 egg yolks
- 4 tablespoons orange juice
- 1/2 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 teaspoon grated orange rind
- 1 cup flour
- 1/4 teaspoon soda
- 2 egg whites

Beat egg yolks with orange and lemon juice until thick and yellow; mix sugar and grated orange rind, and add, gradually, to egg yolks; add stiffly beaten egg whites and cut and fold in flour sifted four times with soda. Pour into a buttered and floured cake pan, and bake in a moderate oven about forty minutes.

Lemon Pie with Bread Crumbs

- 1 1/2 cups soft bread crumbs
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 teaspoons cornstarch
- 2 egg yolks
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- grated rind 1 lemon

Break bread crumbs in small pieces; add butter, pour boiling water over and let them stand until soft. Mix sugar and cornstarch, add egg yolks, well beaten, and lemon juice and rind. Combine mixtures; bake in one crust and cover with meringue.

Rowboat Salad

Cut cucumber in half, lengthwise, scoop out center as much as possible. Mix 1 small can salmon, 1 stalk celery chopped, 2 boiled eggs, diced, and mayonnaise. Use the cucumber shells for the boat, fill with the mixed salmon; use the celery heart for the man in the boat, the asparagus tips (2) for oars, and place on lettuce for the waves.

ECONOMICAL DESSERTS

Here are two recipes for delightful dishes that may be made quickly and at slight cost, from ingredients that should be on hand always:

Cocoanut Apples

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup hot water
- 3 tablespoons raisins, chopped
- 3 tablespoons nut meats, broken
- 3 tablespoons dates, chopped
- 4 pared and cored apples
- 1/2 cup cocoanut, southern style

Combine sugar and water in casserole and heat in hot oven (450 degrees F.) until sugar is dissolved, stirring constantly. Combine raisins,

likely to increase the irritation. It is a smooth, soft diet which is indicated in such cases.

These points are sufficient to make clear that the proper treatment of indigestion depends, first of all, upon finding the cause. Careless or improper treatment may result in actual harm, the condition tending to become chronic and increasingly difficult to treat successfully.

Indigestion which occurs repeatedly after the age of forty should never be neglected. The cause should always be found. This fact is emphasized because attacks of indigestion at that period of life may be the first symptom of cancer, and, if attended to without delay, there is every chance of cure.

The whole trouble may be due to bad habits of eating rather than to any internal condition. Eating too quickly, washing down with fluid, instead of chewing it properly, making meal-time the occasion for unpleasant discussions—these bad habits cause trouble.

There are some conditions which require medical or surgical care, and when such treatment is advised, it must be undertaken without delay. Self-medication is a mistake; drugs should only be prescribed by a physician. Much can be done, however, to prevent digestive troubles if the individual will cultivate proper eating habits and exercise care in the selection of foods.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College St., Toronto will be answered personally by letter.

dates and nuts and fill apple centers with mince. Brush apples with melted butter. Place in casserole, cover closely and bake 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (350 degrees F.) and bake 25 minutes. Sprinkle with sugar. Sprinkle tops of apples with mince and continue baking until mince is brown. Serve hot with cream. Serves 4.

Snowflake Pudding

- 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
- dash of salt
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 2 cups milk, scalded
- 1 envelope gelatine (1 tablespoon)
- 1 can (1 1/2 cups) cocoanut, southern style

1 teaspoon vanilla
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten
1 1/2 cups fruit (canned grated pineapple berries, or any fruit in season)

Combine egg yolks, salt and sugar. Add a small amount of milk, stirring vigorously. Return to double boiler and cook until slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Pour a small amount of hot mixture over gelatine stir until dissolved, and add to remainder of mixture. Cool. Fold in 2 1/2 cup cocoanut, flavoring, and egg whites. Pour over fruit. Sprinkle with remaining cocoanut. Chill until firm. Serves 8.

Caramel Pudding

- 1 junket tablet
- 1 tablespoon cold water
- 1 pint milk
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup boiling water
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Put junket tablet in cold water, crushing with spoon to be sure it all dissolves. Put sugar in a small saucepan and heat, stirring constantly until melted and golden brown. Add water and dissolve sugar in it. Add milk to caramel syrup and warm until lukewarm — NOT HOT. Remove from stove. Add dissolved junket tablet and vanilla and turn at once into individual dessert glasses. Let stand in warm room until firm—about 10 minutes. Then chill. A topping of whipped cream and nuts may be added if desired.

Boiled Salad Dressing

- 1/2 tablespoon salt
- 1 teaspoon mustard
- 1 1/2 tablespoons sugar
- few grains cayenne
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 2 egg yolks
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 3 oranges
- 2 tablespoons sugar

Put milk and tapioca in double boiler; cook fifteen minutes; then add eggs, beaten with salt and one-half cup sugar. Pare oranges; remove sections from membrane; put in bottom of baking dish; pour tapioca mixture over oranges, and bake in moderate oven until custard is firm.

Air, one of the lightest substances has been suggested by scientists as a great weight capable of shading the earth's crust.

THE EXAMINER'S WEEKLY REVIEW OF PROV. MARKETS

CATTLE

BEEF—Edmonton trading slower; receipts light. Choice heavy steers \$5.75 at \$6; choice light \$5.75 at \$6; good \$5.50 at \$5.75; medium \$4.50 at \$5.25; common \$4 at \$4.50. Choice heifers 5.50 at \$5.75; good \$5.25 at \$5.50. Choice cows \$3.75 at \$4; good \$3.50 at \$3.75; medium \$3 at \$3.25; common \$2 at \$3; canners and cullers \$1.50 at \$2. Choice bulls \$2.75 at \$3; medium \$2.25 at \$2.50; canners from \$1.50 up. Choice light veal calves from \$9 at \$10; common \$4 at \$4. **FEDERS-STOCKERS**—Fair trade in this division. Feeder steers \$4.25 at \$5; stock steers \$4 at \$4.75; stock heifers \$4 at \$4.75; stock cows from \$3 at \$4.

HOGS

Edmonton bacon made \$8.25 at \$8.50; select at \$8.75 at \$9; butchers \$7.95 at \$8.15, fed and watered.

SHEEP

Moderate trading at Edmonton. Yearlings from \$4.50 at \$5.50; ewes \$3.50 at \$4.50; lambs \$6.50 at \$7.50.

GRAIN

Prices at Winnipeg Wednesday were 3-8c to 1-2c lower, due chiefly to weakness at Liverpool and Buenos Aires. Attempts were made to boost values and slight bulges occurred. These were not maintained, however.

CREAM — BUTTER — MILK
CREAM—Prices steady. Special 27c; first 25c; second 22c, at country points and centralizers. Volume showing slight improvement. **CREAMERY BUTTER**—Undertone considerably firmer. Sales in province holding up, and moderate supply moving to coast. No. 1 cantons, 34 at 35c; No. 2 32 at 33c; No. 1 prints 33 at 34c; No. 2 31 at 32c. **DAIRY BUTTER**—Fancy tab le finding fair demand; lower grades lower. Prices steady with fancy table at 24 at 25c; No. 1 18 at 20c; No. 2 13 at 14c. **MILK**—Price steady at \$2.30 per 100 lbs.

POULTRY — EGGS

POULTRY—Fair volume showing demand not over-active. Fowl in good condition, but chicken showing effect of warm weather. Prices holding even.

dy at: Chicken, No. 1, over 5 lbs., 12c No. 1, 4-5 lbs., 10c; No. 1 under 4 lbs. 10c; No. 2 7c. Fowl, same grades and prices as chicken; roosters, 7c. **EGGS** Market unchanged: Extras 10c; firsts 14c; seconds 10c and cracks 8c. Market flooded with offerings; demand fair. Large number of pullet eggs coming which are grading seconds. Many shipments chilled. Outside markets flooded. No storage stocks moving.

HAY — OATS — GREENFEED
HAY—Timothy finding fair demand, but upland slow. Former bringing \$12 at \$15 at country points, with upland \$9 at \$10. Offerings not large quality on the whole very good. **FEDERAL OATS**—Market draggy while receipts are limited. Quotation of 23 at 25c per bushel delivered. **GREENFEED**—No demand except in small lots, and then the movement is not over-active. Receipts light.

Packing, shipping and marketing of fruits all are simplified by a cylindrical knockdown container that is used instead of flat boxes particularly for citrus fruits.

ALTA, NOT CONSULTED

ON BRINGING BRITISH

BOYS OUT TO CANADA

EDMONTON—That the Alberta government has not been committed in respect of 1,350 British farm boys being brought to Canada, as reported in a Canadian Press dispatch from London, England, was stated by Hon. George Hoadley, minister of agriculture, when questioned.

The report said these single young men were being brought to Canada, and positions found for them this coming spring.

"The stand we have taken on immigration is that we do not desire that any more people should be brought to Alberta until our present unemployed condition is adjusted," said the minister. "The statement that this question was discussed at the meeting of agricultural ministers at Ottawa in the month of November is not correct as the subject of immigration was never mentioned."

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BUYERS READ THE

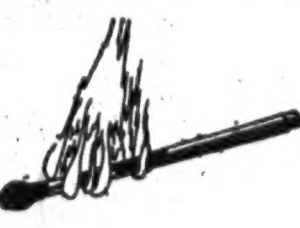
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Father Takes a Hand

(Continued from page two)

Papa looked hurt. He replied that she had no reason to doubt his sincerity. 'And anyway, I ain't—I'm not anxious to have Lois marry anyone yet for a while. It's no fun to be left alone in the world, and Lois is all I got, just like Henry is all you got, Mrs. Van Dyne.'

'Yes, I do think life is inconsiderate to us older people!'

There was a brief pause, then Papa went on: 'I guess my stay's about over. Lois won't stay here any longer after what's happened between her and Henry—Well! I'll be sorry to go!'

'Will you, Mr. Purdy?' asked Mrs. Van Dyne, turning to look up to him.

'I certainly will,' declared Papa, looking steadily into the lady's eyes.

Mrs. Van Dyne averted her gaze. A faint flush appeared on her cheek.

'I think—perhaps—you'd better take me back to the lodge, Mr. Purdy.'

'Yes, I guess I had,' agreed Papa. He turned the canoe around with a stroke of his paddle and paddled vigorously toward the Van Dyne dock.

He felt suddenly resentful, and a trifle reckless. Approaching the shore he drove the canoe straight toward the dock, intending to swerve at the last moment and bring up alongside with a flourish. But unfortunately a puff of wind caught the bow of the craft and drove it hard against the sharp corner of the dock. There was a crash, an unpleasant splintering sound. And suddenly the canoe began to fill with water.

Mrs. Van Dyne grasped the edge of the dock and scrambled out with more alacrity than grace. Papa followed her. Both were wet to the knees and the lady was furious.

'Well, Mr. Purdy! I must say—!'

'I'm sorry Mrs. Van Dyne. I didn't allow for the wind. I'm mighty sorry.'

'We might have both been drowned snatched Mrs. Van Dyne and stalked off toward the lodge with her shoes squishing.'

The canoe had settled until only its gunwales showed above the surface of the lake. It drifted gently ashore and grounded. Papa, deeply chagrined, was forced to ask Henry to take him back to the island.

Henry politely did so. But when Papa invited him into the house, he declined with thanks, and dashed back across the lake at full speed.

Papa went up to the cottage. He looked for Lois to tell her the story of his mishap, but she was nowhere to be seen. One of the maids told him she had gone out to the point of the island to read. Papa decided not to disturb her.

It was supper time before she appeared with a volume of poetry in her hand.

'Hello, Papa,' she said. 'Are you hungry? I'll get your supper. The servants have gone to the movies to night.'

'I told them they could take the motorboat,' replied Lois. 'I guess they have already gone.'

'I thought I heard the boat starting out,' said Papa. 'Well, I guess that sort of leaves us stranded for the evening, honey. Because I—I smashed up the canoe this afternoon.'

'You smashed up? You mean we haven't got a boat?'

'No,' said Papa; and told her of his unfortunate accident. Lois listened with a queer, intense interest that seemed out of proportion to the dramatic hazard involved. 'You needn't look so worried,' he concluded. 'It wasn't as bad as Mrs. Van Dyne thought.'

'I wasn't thinking of that,' said Lois.

'What were you thinking of?'

'Nothing. Come on. I'll get you your supper.'

They went into the dining-room and Lois brought Papa his supper.

'Ain't you going to have any?' he asked solicitously.

'I'm not hungry—And I wish you wouldn't say "ain't" Papa.'

Mr. Purdy looked at his daughter.

'Lois, something's wrong, and I got a good idea what it is. You and Henry have had a quarrel. Am I right?'

'Not—not exactly,' replied Lois. She sat down at the table opposite him and took her chin in her hands. 'It's just that Henry's getting impatient Papa. He's really awfully head-

strong and sort of rash. But I love him and I, I don't know what to do.'

'About what, honey?'

She lifted her head. Her hair was red gold in the rosy light of sunset that filled the room.

'Well, I don't know why I shouldn't tell you. You see, Henry wants me to elope with him tonight!'

'Tonight?'

'Yes—He's got it all planned.'

'Well, well, well,' remarked Papa. 'He said we could just pack a couple of suitcases and take the car and drive to Brockton and get married. But I told him. Well, I thought maybe if we waited longer maybe Mrs. Van Dyne would give in. But Henry said he knew his mother, and that she would never consent to our marriage of her own accord. But I said I was sure you could fix it in time, Papa.'

'You said I could fix it?'

'Yes! Oh, I know you can! So I told Henry I thought it would be foolish to elope.'

'Himmm! And what did Henry say to that?'

'He said I didn't love him. I told him I did, but he got stubborn and drove me home, we were out in the gas shed, and then he said: "You think it over Lois. I'm going back to the lodge and pack my bag in my car. I will be waiting for you tonight on that point of woods opposite the island. If you love me," he said, "and want to marry me, you must meet me at eight o'clock."'

Papa took out his watch and looked at it. 'It's seven o'clock now, honey. What have you decided?'

Lois laughed. There was a slightly hysterical note in her laugh. She said helplessly: 'What difference does it make? There's no way for me to get to Henry if I wanted to. And he'll never come for me. As a matter of fact, I'd decided to do it. I'm all ready. My bag's down in the boat house. But the servants have the motorboat and you smashed up the canoe so it looks as if the fates were against me. But it does seem a little bit cruel. Because I really love him an awful lot, Papa!'

'There now honey, don't cry! Lois I can't stand to see you cry!'

Lois smiled mournfully. Then she rose abruptly and left the room. Papa heard the front door open and close. Through the dining-room window he saw Lois wandering disconsolately down toward the shore.

He ate a starchy supper. Having finished, he went on to the couch to smoke. 'I'll wait fifteen minutes,' he promised himself. 'Then I'll go and look for Lois.'

He was sitting there, with his watch in his hand, when he heard someone come up the front steps on to the porch. Then the door burst open and a feminine figure appeared but it wasn't Lois, as he had expected. It was Mrs. Van Dyne.

This was surprising enough, but even more surprising was the lady's dramatic dishevelment. She was flushed and breathless and her beautiful hair for once was in disarray.

'Mr. Purdy!'

'Why, Mrs. Van Dyne! How'd you get here?'

'I rowed,' said the lady, her breast heaving. 'I rowed across the lake—myself, in a skiff.'

'Well! said Papa. 'Won't you sit down?'

'No, no; This is no time to rest! those children are planning to elope. They may be eloping now. Oh, I know it would happen, I knew it!'

'But now, lookit here, Mrs. Van Dyne, I don't think—'

'You don't think. No, of course not, but I tell you it is true. Henry's gone off in the car, he said something about taking a drive! But I found out by accident through Hobson, my butler—that Henry packed his suitcase this afternoon.'

'You don't say!' commented Papa.

'Yes, I do say! And off he went, without a word to me! But the question is, where's Lois? Is she with him?'

'No,' replied Papa. 'Lois ain't, she is not with Henry. She's right here on the island and she can't get off it because just now there don't happen to be any boat for her to get off on. The canoe is sunk and the motorboat is up the lake. So you needn't worry

tonight, Mrs. Van Dyne. You needn't

Papa stopped short, swallowed twice in quick succession, and then took a long puff at his cigar. He was standing where he could see through the open doorway, he witnessed a spectacle that rendered him momentarily speechless. He saw Lois emerge from the boat house with her suitcase in her hand. He saw her walk out on the dock and calmly toss the suitcase into Mrs. Van Dyne's skiff! He saw her bend down to untie the painter of the skiff.

Papa thought: 'She's swiping the skiff! She's going to elope after all I ought to run down and stop her. I ought to tell Mrs. Van Dyne—'

But all he did was to stand there and puff his cigar.

'Mr. Purdy!' exclaimed the lady he was so handsomely deceiving. 'What are you starting at? Is it my hair? I know it must be in a frightful state.'

'I was just thinking,' said Papa, that it looked especially nice tonight.

But then, I always thought you were a handsome woman, Mrs. Van Dyne. I thought so the first time I saw you.

'I remember,' the lady murmured turning away. She crossed the room to the window. Immediately she uttered a cry of horror.

'Mr. Purdy! My skiff! She's taken it! Lois has taken my skiff! She is rowing across the lake! She's going to join Henry! Oh, don't stand there looking as though you were paralyzed. We must follow them!'

'We can't,' said Papa simply. 'Unless we swim. I told you there wasn't a boat on the island.'

'But we must do something!'

Papa strode to the window, glanced out to make sure that Lois was well on her way toward the mainland and then turned to face Mrs. Van Dyne. 'T'll tell you what we're going to do,' he said sternly. 'We're going to be sensible, Regina!'

'Regina!' gasped the lady.

'Yes, Regina. That's your name. I know it, and I'm going to call you by it. You can call me John if you want to. I'm no snob,' finished Papa, magnificently, 'even though I did have a lot of Revolutionary ancestors.'

'Why Mr. Purdy—'

'John!' said Papa.

'Oh!' exclaimed Mrs. Van Dyne. 'How can I bear this? My son is eloping, he's leaving me forever, and I can do nothing about it!'

'I told you,' said Papa, 'that you could be sensible. And I'll tell you something else—'

'No, no! I won't listen to you!'

'You will listen to me! suddenly roared Papa. He drew himself up to his full height and roared at Mrs. Van Dyne, who stood staring at him in wide-eyed astonishment. 'Now you lookit here, I am going to tell you the truth about yourself, Regina. It's just this. You don't disapprove of Lois, nor of Henry's marrying her. What you disapprove of is Henry's daring to break away from you. You want to keep him tied to your apron strings all his life, and it ain't right. It ain't natural!'

Mrs. Van Dyne's face was scarlet. 'How dare you!' she cried. 'I won't stay here to be insulted!'

'You'll stay here,' retorted Papa. 'Till the servants get back with the motorboat and that will be midnight. So you might as well sit down and make the best of it.'

'Oh!' faltered the lady. 'Oh, how can you be so brutal to me! And she sank down on the couch and burst into tears.

Instantly Papa was filled with contrition. He hurried to the couch and sat down beside Mrs. Van Dyne.

'There, there,' he said taking her hand. 'I didn't mean to be brutal to you, Regina. I was only telling you the truth.'

'But it isn't the truth,' she sobbed. 'At least, if I cling to Henry, it is just because I was so alone—I've always dreaded being alone. It's been a nightmare to me—John!'

Papa felt a surge of sympathy for the beautiful, bereft woman whose hand he was holding. He wanted to comfort her. The thought in his mind was to offer her his friendship, to tell her that she could count on him as long as he lived. After all, now that Lois and Henry had deserted them, why shouldn't they be true friends?

'Regina!' said Papa.

'Yes—John?'

'I got an idea.'

'An idea?' queried the lady, sitting up and drying her eyes. She looked at Papa, and by degrees her expression changed from one of bleak despair to one of hope and gladness. 'Oh John!' she said. 'I've been wondering when that idea would occur to you because I've had it ever since we came to Maine!'

The next moment to Papa's consternation, she found him sitting with Mrs. Van Dyne's hand on his shoulder and his arms around her waist. Instantly she kissed him.

'Well,' said Papa. 'How that idea has grown!'

'If they are big boxer mobby if they catch you they are libel to knock you outside or something.'

Monday—well on one way to shoot today. I accidentally shot a snowbird and his father and Ted got shot out half sore until I told him it would be all right to take a shot at my pass if the snow birds long stuff.

Tuesday—well I guess I felt down in 14 weight in this test today. The teacher set what was Oakes composed of and I shot of 8 sides. Jake said it was composed of 3 kinds of games—well anyhow I wouldn't of knew the names any ways.

Wednesday—but even at that my answer to sum of the questions yesterday wasn't any worse than they when she set a vegetarian was a fiction for horses and mules and eat and eat three dogs and cats and eat.

Thursday—well man times I got the idea that school teachers are kinda dumb. a speechless the wimmen ones: I and Jake was a telling are teacher that they had arrested a Boot legger in town this a.m. and she wanted to no wait for. and witch boot and witch leg.

Bananas can be saved from early decay by anointing the cut end of the stalk with paraffin.

R. J. Ball, editor of the Loveland (Colorado) Reporter Herald says:

'That much of the success of business is founded on confidence, and confidence in turn depends upon credit. If the masses of the people would keep their credit good it would give a great impetus to and a vast amount of needed security to business.'

'Change it.' How simple it is to drive into the filling station, have your car filled with gas and oil, receive the courteous attention of the employees, and say "Change it," as you drive out. Or to buy something of the merchant, receive the services of the doctor or lawyer and say "Change it." And whenever you go on a business errand you are treated with courtesy and favor and say "Change it." And you are accorded the privilege of having it "changed." Simple, isn't it—and convenient?

But what about your obligation when you have been granted these favors? Do you regard it as simple and treat it with the same courtesy and favor that has been shown when you say "Change it?" Or do you dismiss it from your mind and when you receive a statement of your account, smile up like a poisoned load and act like you had been insulted? Or maybe you simply deny the account, or if not that, pay no attention to the statements and just let the fellow who has trusted you wait and wait for his pay while you go on spending the money that rightfully belongs to him.

The fellow who asks for and receives credit and then does not make every human effort to meet his obligations, and meet them cheerfully and promptly, is not a man, though he have the structure of a Colossus—he is just a "nippy" and a dead-beat and all pretensions at anything else only make him the more detestable.

"Change it" implies in common honesty "I will pay for it." And there is just one brand of honesty.

There is an old saying, "Man is made of dust; dust settles, be a man." Very true and quite apt. Think it over!

Friday—well ma felt offie bad today when she learnt that I had broke the finger nail she had gave me for Christmas while I was a trying to unloosen a screw in my scates. but I don't feel so bad about it becuz I never used it for my finger nails no way.

Saturday—Mrs Giffen is all Kotted becuz her cousin from down south is coming here for a visit to her house wao

is a famous animal painter. Ant Henry says animal painting mite be all rite until you try to paint a witch is cross but after all there nacheral colors is good stuff after all so why paint them.

Sunday—Jake and Elstere an Pug was a making fun of a new kid with has moved to town. he is very big and ugly. I dont approve of make ing fun of ugly people. a speechless

Edson R. Waite.

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK

NOTICE TO MOTOR VEHICLE OWNERS

YOU HAVE RECEIVED BY MAIL, APPLICATION FORMS FROM THE DEPARTMENT AT EDMONTON. YOU WILL NEED THIS FORM TO OBTAIN YOUR 1930 LICENSE PLATE SO DO NOT DESTROY IT. LICENSE PLATES CAN BE OBTAINED AT MY OFFICE UPON PRESENTATION OF THIS APPLICATION COMPLETED AND SIGNED AND PAYMENT OF THE FEE.

IF YOU CHANGED CARS AND DID NOT HAVE YOUR LICENSE TRANSFERRED IN 1929 YOU WILL HAVE TO HAVE THE TRANSFER MADE BEFORE A NEW PLATE FOR 1930 IS ISSUED. I HAVE THE TRANSFER FORMS AND CAN ATTEND TO THIS MATTER FOR YOU.

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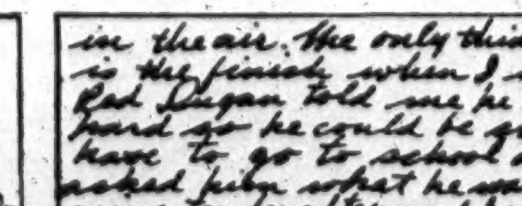
PHONE 18 WAINWRIGHT

PINKY DINKY

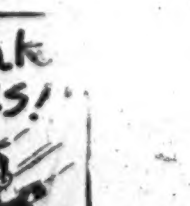
By Terry Gilkison


 Dear Fatty—
 An elephant seldom forgets, says our history book. I thought I would send my next Christmas letter to him instead of


 Santa Claus, because Santa Claus forgot half the things I asked for. He did bring me a pair of skates and I learned to do a clever stunt. I carry out a figure 8 with one


 in the air. The only thing that hurts is the finish when I sit down. Dad says he was studying hard so he could be smart and get a good job. What he was going to do after school, he asked the school teacher.


 Go 'B 4 Pinky
 B.S. Becker said:
 Come—Pinky
 You don't see the
 fastest of the bunch
 You afraid.
 I said, "I am not."


Pinky Dink DANGLES!
 IN SEARCH OF CONSOLATION WHEN I'M FEELING VERY ILL, I'LL EAT NO MORE CANDY PERHAPS, WHEN I'M WELL I WILL.

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(93 below)

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Homey Homes

Black Diamond Coal

J. WELCH, Agent

PHONES 57 or 93

HERE AND THERE IN TOWN AND SURROUNDING DISTRICT

BORN—To Mr and Mrs G. H. MacKay, of Auburndale, at the Wainwright municipal hospital, on February 3rd, a son.

We are glad to learn that Miss Gladys Tansley, who recently suffered a fractured arm while sliding is getting along nicely now at her home.

People who live in glass houses should not throw stones; likewise people living in stone houses should not throw glass! but everyone should carry fire insurance on their home and car. Joe Welch specializes in fire insurance and is agent for strong companies. See him without delay, it may save you big money!

Owing to a fall at her home on Monday, Mrs F. Ebborn was brought to the hospital when it was found that she had fractured her right arm.

The members of the Health athletic club had an enjoyable time on Wednesday last at a winter roast and skating party. We are informed that another such gathering is planned for the near future.

"Help the unemployed" is now the popular cry! The weather is fine and many residents of the district have the means and need repair work painting, brickwork, etc. to be done. Men will do this work now much cheaper than in the summer months. Make money by taking advantage of this fine weather, and have your repair work done now. Ring 57, Atlas Lumber Co. who will place you in touch with capable men for any line of work you need to have done.

Mrs Guy Sargeant, a former resident of the district, is here on a visit to her mother Mrs A. Harrington for a short stay.

Acting as delegates to the convention of Women's auxiliaries to the Anglican church, Mrs C. T. Lally, Mrs G. Arlwright, Mrs H. Wade and Mrs H. Smart, left for the city on Tuesday in the interests of St Thomas' W.A.

There are 10,000 different ways that a fire can start and destroy your property! Why take 10,000 chances of losing your life's accumulation when 1¢ cents per day will protect you for \$1000.000 life insurance. See Joe Welch; let him carry the risk.

An old-timer of the C.N. run between Edmonton and Wainwright in the person of Engineer J. McGilvray lost his life near Tofield on Sunday morning, when he was thrown from the engine he was driving attached to No. 2, while oiling some portion of the machine while it was in motion.

There was a man in our town and he was wondrous wise. He swore by all the gods above he would not advertise! But one day he did break this rule, and thereby hangs a tale; The ad was set in real small type and headed "Sheriff's Sale."

A man can fly like a bird, but he can't sit on a telephone wire! You can buy cheaper coal, but you can't find any coal where you get the value for your money that Black Diamond gives. Atlas yard, phone 57.

If there is anything at all to the "Mother Shipton" tales, we are due for another six weeks' bad weather (although none of it has arrived yet this winter) for the groundhog could sure see his shadow if he ventured out from his hole on Monday—last, Candlemas Day!

All the directors of the agricultural association are asked to meet in the Council chamber of the Town hall on Saturday afternoon next at two o'clock for important business. Make a note of this! A report of the delegates to Camrose will be given.

When times are hard we must be more careful. At the present price of farm produce, your home and barn has greater value than when wheat is high, as it would take more grain to replace them now. Don't take a chance on fire; insurance premiums are very low. Keep them paid and your property well insured. Joe Welch, phone 57.

Messrs Earl Cork and H. C. Montgomery left on Tuesday for Edmonton where they will sit as delegates from our School Board at the Trustees Convention being held Wednesday, Thursday and Friday this week.

In the hockey game on Wednesday between Wainwright and Hardisty, the local puck-chasers took the visitors into camp for a final score reading 8-7. It was some game too!

All the ways of the Indian are not so good, but they sure "know their stuff" when they made their summer! It is about over now and you are due to need a load of Black Diamond coal from the Atlas yard. Phone 57 and get satisfaction.

We are glad to note that Dr. Welch, who has been confined to his bed by a very heavy cold for the past week, is now getting along nicely and hopes to be around again at the end of the week.

Mr G. Beckman, executive provincial commissioner of the Boy Scouts' association, will be in Wainwright on Wednesday next, February 11th. The local troop have engaged the Masonic hall for the evening, as the commissioner is bringing with him the films of the big World Jamboree held in England in 1929. Time permitting, a small play will also be presented. Admission 25c and all are welcome.

Now that the holidays are over it will be a good time to do a little inside painting and decorating before the rush of the Spring work starts. You will find a complete stock of material for this kind of work at the Atlas yard. See Joe Welch or phone 57.

Mr W. E. Washburn is up to the city on business this week for a few days.

On behalf of the agricultural association, Messrs J. W. Stuart, D. Ratnay, S. G. Baker, and G. Boyd journeyed over to Camrose on Friday last to attend a meeting of the board of those fairs classed as "B2." A lot of business was done, and a report will be presented the directors on Saturday afternoon next.

No matter where you store your car or truck for the winter, a short circuit wire might start a fire. Better insure it; the cost is very small. Joe Welch specializes in car insurance.

To enjoy her annual vacation from her duties as chief operator at the telephone exchange, Miss Helen Clouston left on Sunday for a month with friends in Victoria.

Tickets are now obtainable for the big card party and dance which is being staged by the Rebekahs of town at the I.O.O.F. hall on Wednesday evening next. Cards, supper and dance and good prizes all for fifty cents. Cards start at 8 p.m.

Something novel for Wainwright occurred on Saturday evening last when Mr and Mrs Leopold Leduc had the extreme pleasure of talking to their father Alexis Plon who was in Montreal. The "visit" lasted for some eleven minutes and connection was made at the home of the local superintendent Mr Omer Michon. The report given is that the voices came over so clearly that it was hard to recognize the fact that those speaking were some 2047 miles apart!

A diplomat is a man who remembers a woman's birthday, but forgets how old she is! An independent man keeps his fire insurance premiums paid, so that he will not have to depend upon sympathy to replace his home in case of fire—See Joe Welch, or phone 57.

Dr H. L. Courcier was a tripper to Edmonton over the week end, and returned with his family who have been visiting with relatives there for the past couple of weeks.

Mr Tom Sugars of Edmonton has been spending a few days in town again looking after his oil interests here, and his outlook for the season's work is truly optimistic. In fact, things are going to him according to the general Tom.

Fire insurance is cheaper now than it has ever been; so even if wheat is low in price you should keep your premiums paid. It is surely false economy to save \$10 on insurance protection and lose thousands by fire, when money is scarce and credit restricted; and when it might be impossible to replace any property destroyed. The fire insurance companies realise the scarcity of money and are anxious to help you. See Joe Welch, phone 57 and 93.

Owing to the mildness of the weather the rink managers were forced to "close up shop." Of course, as soon as Jack Frost tightens up again, the rink will be going stronger than ever with the large number of devotees among us.

Three gangs of men are now operating again at the Bethwain No 2 well on the edge of town. Jack Craue is supervising operations there.

Want to do some brightening up while the weather holds good. Then get a can or two of paint or varnish brushes, etc., from the Atlas Lumber Co. Joe Welch, mgr.

Mrs Omer Croteau was rushed to Edmonton on Monday afternoon to undergo an operation at the Minto-cord's hospital there.

Mrs W. Bibby, Jr., is spending a few days on a trip to Calgary with her mother.

Hard times is a period when nearly all the cars you see on the streets are paid for. In good times cars are bought on the finance plan and are insured by the finance company. These are paid monthly and the insurance is cancelled as soon as the final payment is made. Many neglect to re-insure, even though the payment is very small. If you are in this class call or phone Joe Welch and have your car insured at once, as a spark from the exhaust or a crossed wire is often the cause of a serious fire loss. Phone 57 and let the insurance company carry the risk!

Mr N. Ricker, of the Wainwright flour mill, has just had a deep water well completed to take care of his increasing business. This is truly one business which is not suffering from depression, for in spite of the fact that he has been working night and day shifts for some time we learn he is still behind in his orders for grain.

Truly this weather is marvellous! It is very seldom that outside work can be done in January or February, and yet this week sees the painters at work on the exterior of the residences of Mr J. C. McLeod and Mr W. Crowe. The buildings are dry, and there sure is no danger of the work being spoiled by dust storms!

Why will you take the risk of fire? It may be your neighbor's fire; but if it destroys your property, Mr Neighbor won't replace it! Think this over and see Joe Welch. Phone 57.

While Mr F. Grayson was returning from Viking last week driving a big Buick car, the car caught fire, probably from a short circuit, when near Pebyan and was practically destroyed. The car was the property of Mr A. Dupre and was insured.

Mr and Mrs Thos Rawn, who have been spending the winter at Dawson Creek, B.C. where Mr Rawn operates a flour mill, have now returned to Wainwright where Mr Rawn will look after his oil interests for the summer months.

If you want an investment that will pay you 8 p.c. interest; that is safe, sure and bound to increase in value; buy Canada-American Trust shares from Joe Welch.

Mr and Mrs A. Dupre, Mr and Mrs J. Braemar and Mr and Mrs H. Meisler all drove over to St Paul last week for a motor trip and report the roads to be in splendid shape for driving.

Mrs Harrington is here from her home at Spirit River and is a guest at the home of Dr and Mrs Maynes.

While the roads are good and the weather is fine, why not haul out some coal and be prepared when the weather man gets with us again? There is a fresh stock of Black Diamond, Newcastle, and Pennina coals at the Atlas yard. Phone 57.

The date is being arranged for the opening of the new provincial bridge at Bromseau, and Rev Father Doyle is to preside at this function on behalf of the Board of Trade there. Father Doyle while residing there before coming to Wainwright was instrumental in obtaining this bridge for that district.

Quite a large gathering was on hand on Tuesday evening to enjoy the big card party held by the agricultural society, and to dance out the night hours. A full report of this will appear next week.

You need the pay check this winter. Why not protect it with a sickness and accident policy that will pay you while you are sick or hurt and unable to earn. Joe Welch will be glad to explain this protection to you. Phone 57.

Mr Mike Brogan, who has been living in town this winter, is now preparing to leave for his farm in the Calgary district.

We are sorry to learn that Mr H. Brunker is confined to his home, owing to accidentally running a nail into his foot on Friday last.

Don't forget. No need to send to the city for your license plates. Joe Welch has them right here. Just bring in your government notice and we'll fix you up and deliver you the new plates.

Rev Dr. White, superintendent of Presbyterian missions was here on Tuesday on a business visit to the manager's board of St. Andrew's church.

To allow shoppers to judge the quality of potatoes they are purchasing when buying them in sacks, a bag with a visible front section now is being produced.

Glaze has been made from natural gas by the Mellon Institute.

\$1.50 - AXES - \$1.50

35c - Axe Handles - 35c

THESE ARE REAL BARGAINS

Horse Shoes

Calks : - : - : Nails

EVERYTHING SEASONABLE

W. E. WASHBURN

-THE HARDWARE MAN-

PHONE 34

WAINWRIGHT

We have a few

MEN'S WOOL SHIRTS, MACKINAWs, WINDBREAKERS & PULLOVER SWEATERS IN ROLL NECK & SHAWL COLLAR STYLES

BOYS HEAVY WINTER SWEATERS AND WINDBREAKERS

LADIES WOOL UNDERWEAR AND HEAVY BLOOMERS

THE ABOVE ALL AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES TO CLEAR

SPECIAL FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY

20% OFF FASHION CRAFT, MADE TO MEASURE SUITS AND OVERCOATS. NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY

A. SAWERS

LADIES, MEN'S & BOYS WEAR

BRING YOUR JOB PRINTING TO THE STAR

RAYON SILK CREPES

36 INCH WIDTH

SPECIAL PER YARD

\$1.89

DRESS FLANNELS

GOOD COLOR VARIETY

SPECIAL PER YARD

54c

WE HAVE A GOOD RANGE

Ladies' PULLOVER SWEATERS

AT \$4.25 AND \$2.95 EACH. COME IN & CHOOSE YOURS

Patterson's Dept. Store

PHONE 1

MAIN ST.

ÉLITE THEATRE PROGRAM

THURS., FRI., AND SAT., FEBRUARY 5-6-7

GARY COOPER, IN

A PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION

"THE MAN FROM WYOMING"

AN EIGHT REEL ACTION PICTURE

Two reel all talking Mack Sennett Comedy UPPERCUT O'BRIEN

ALSO WEEKLY FOX NEWS IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

MRS F. W. FISH AND MRS F. W. WATTS HAVE

been drawn for the free show this week. This advertisement presented at theatre accepted as your complimentary.

DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT 10.30, EVERY WEEK IN FUTURE

NO SHOW, MON., TUES., WED., UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

COMING SOON, COHENS & KELLYS IN SCOTLAND